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### UNCHANGED.

BY ADELAIDE PROCTER.

If all the earth were barren should I care,
If all the birds forsook the sunless air?
I only know—
That if the day be dark, the day be fair,
My heart goes with thee everywhere.

Should seas forget to follow where
The moon's full charm rounds white and bare,
It matters not—
I only know that where thou art
Still turns to thee this throbbing heart—

Unchanged, and changeless, still to thee,
For time and through eternity,
I only ask—
That when some day it's pulse you miss,
Upon my dead face leave your kiss.

# A Bitter Reckoning.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BY CROOKED PATHS," "BRED IN THE BONE," "CROSS PURPOSES," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.—[CONTINUED.]

SHE went on a little hurriedly at first. "I can see that your pleasant news is in some way mixed up with painful thoughts; so, as mine is altogether pleasant, I shall speak first. To begin—papa came home last night, and he has brought the most wonderful news; it is like a fairy-tale. I don't suppose you know yet that your wife is my cousin?" Captain Pelling started at the words. "I knew you would be greatly surprised. My father is not really Mr. Mallett—his true name is Sir Geoffrey Malling, and he is your wife's uncle. In some extraordinary way, which papa will explain, the whole of the Mallingford property comes to him in the event of Pauline's marrying under twenty-five without her guardian's consent; so, you see, we are going to be very great people. I believe my mother was not so well-born as papa, and the late Baronet was so angry when he heard of the marriage that he disinherited papa, who at once changed his name and worked hard to keep his wife. I think it must have been very trying to him after his luxurious bringing up; don't you? How astonished you look! I hope you are not angry with us because we are going to take away your wife's wealth. Of course that is only nonsence! I know you are not angry; I've heard you say often how glad you would have been to share what you have with her."

Ethel paused. Pelling did not speak, and she felt a little anxious. She had unintentionally stumbled upon the subject; but she knew it could not be avoided between them, so she screwed up her courage and went on—

"Perhaps I should not say what I am going to say; but no real harm can come from straightforwardness. We have been such good friends in the past—and I hope we shall continue to be so in the future—that we need not stay to pick and choose our words to each other; need we? I want to congratulate you on the recovery of your wife; but there is something in your face that checks me. Will you tell me about it?"

Pelling leaned forward and took her hand. She shrank a little at his touch; but, whatever the feeling was that caused her to recoil, she kept all sign of it from her face as she sat opposite to him waiting for him to speak.

"I can't tell you all about it," he said presently. "I only know that my wife refused to have anything to do with me—said she would kill herself sooner—and that she is now in Paris, leading a reckless life, and doing everything that I should wish her not to do."

Ethel looked surprised.

"If I were you, I should go to Paris too," she said.

"I suppose I ought—in fact, I know I ought—and I have tried to make up my mind to go; but I cannot."

For an instant he dropped his head upon his hand, and a great rush of pity set Ethel's heart beating oddly. He pulled himself together with an impatient exclamation.

"What a bore you must think me!" he said quickly. "Let us drop the subject. If I ever find you can help me in any way, I will come to you at once. As things are now, the less said the better." Then turning the conversation, he added, "And so you are to possess the wealth which Pauline has forfeited? I am very glad—very, very glad on all accounts but one."

"And that is?"

"It will make Dornton's task very much harder."

The blood rushed over Ethel's face in a quick flush and left it again as quickly.

"I don't know what you mean," she then said.

"I mean that Dornton was beguiled by my unhappy wife into doing as he did, that he was not master of his own actions, and that he would give a great deal to be assured of your entire forgiveness. He has loved you all through his mad folly. He told me so himself on the very day of the wedding, before he could have known anything of the change in your worldly affairs; so when you think of him in the future, you must not believe he was governed by mercenary considerations."

All through this speech the wonder had deepened on Ethel's face; and she looked at him steadily.

"Thank you for your kind defence of him," she responded, rising as her father entered the room. "I will remember to do as you say;" and she turned gaily to the door. "And now let me introduce you to Sir Geoffrey Malling of Mallingford Park."

"I need not tell you how glad I am to hear of this wonderful business," Pelling said, shaking hands warmly. "And now you must tell me how you came across the evidence of my wife's existence, and how you, of all people, heard of her intended marriage, for I am brimming over with curiosity. It seems to me that fate has interwoven our destinies *nolens volens*."

* * * * * *

A few week later Ethel and her father were settled at Mallingford. All the necessary legal formalities had been gone through and the country families had called upon Sir Geoffrey and his daughter. Lord Summers had suggested that the Baronet should have a public reception; but Sir Geoffrey had sternly and emphatically opposed any such demonstration.

So father and daughter had come down and been met at the railway-station by the family carriage, and had gone quietly to their respective rooms, after shaking hands with a few of the old servants whom Sir Geoffrey remembered in his brother's time and had eaten their first dinner at Mallingford, as if they had but just returned from a short visit.

But the next morning, as they lingered over their late breakfast, Sir Geoffrey had realized that he was not to be allowed to take possession in the quiet manner he had wished.

It was the third week in November. The fine old trees that lined the drive were stripped of their summer finery, and there was a slight touch of frost in the air. Sir Geoffrey was deep in a political article, and Ethel was feasting her eyes on the delicate tracery of bare elms against the steel-blue sky.

"What are all those men doing, I wonder?" she remarked presently. Her father took no notice, but continued his reading until she added, "Look, papa—there are at least fifty men coming up the avenue."

Sir Geoffrey then glanced up from his newspaper.

"It is a deputation of the tenantry," he said dejectedly. "Come, Ethel—we may as well face the inevitable."

So it happened that in spite of himself, Sir Geoffrey had to listen to a speech of welcome; and after he had thanked the men for their kind expressions of good-will some one in the back-ground shouted out, "Three cheers for Sir Geoffrey, and may every man have his own!"—and the hall rang again with the echoes of their lusty voices. Then the same enthusiast insisted upon "Another for the young lady!"—and this was responded to as heartily as the other proposal.

Sir Geoffrey, with a gratified gleam in his eyes, and a softened look about his mouth, turned to Mrs. Perkins, who with the rest of the servants, had hurried into the back part of the hall, and told her to do the best she could to make their guests welcome. There was the hasty tapping of barrels, and and a cold collation was soon set before the enthusiastic tenantry.

Sir Geoffrey's wealthy neighbors too were not less hearty in their welcome. Poor Ethel wearied of the calls of elegantly-dressed women who came to pay their respects to her; but she did her best to play the part of hostess, and the unanimous opinion among the ladies was that she was "quite nice—so different from what one would expect from her bringing up!"

At the end of a fortnight Ethel felt as if matters had never been different. She had become used to the morning chats with Mrs. Perkins and the afternoon gossip with the neighbors, and she was getting resigned to the continual presence of a maid in her room.

This was rather distasteful to her at first; and it was only in deference to her father's strongly-expressed wish that she consented to endure the infliction.

Sir Geoffrey had slipped back naturally enough into his old life. His twenty years' struggle with the world had given him a keener appreciation of his present comforts than he would ever have experienced without it, and he had but one regret—that the sweet lovable woman for whose sake he had sacrificed all this worldly prosperity years before was not now with him to enjoy his recovery of it. He packed away his drawing paraphernalia, locked up the box with a feeling that he was throwing from him a heavy burden, and made up his mind never to handle pencil or brush again.

There were moments however, in spite of the many duties of her new position, when Ethel felt a dreary emptiness, when she felt a dissatisfied longing for something which all her luxurious surroundings could not give her.

At such times she told herself that she would gladly relinquish all the pomp and circumstance of the present to enjoy the unalloyed happiness that had been hers in the past.

When in this mood, her thoughts generally wandered to Jack. She was truly sorry for him, and wished she could tell him so; but, after all that had happened, she could not forget what was due to her own self-respect.

But there could be no harm, she decided, in asking Captain Pelling if he had heard of him lately. Poor Captain Pelling! She was sorry for him too, and she admired him more than she had ever admired any man, always excepting her father

* * * * * *

It was Sir Geoffrey's first dinner-party, and Ethel felt just a little nervous as she received the guests. Captain Pelling, who had arrrived to-day for a week's stay, was watching her in the pauses of his chat with Bertha Collins. He caught her eye presently and smiled at her reassuringly, for she had confided to him her dread of the awful occasion.

"You are an old friend of theirs, are you not?" Bertha was saying to the Captain. "We all think Miss Malling quite charming. I took to her from the first; but, do you know, she is not easy to get on with. Of course she is all one could wish as a hostess; but it is impossible to gush with her. She has a way of sifting all one says, and showing up anything that is absurd, without certainly in the least intending to give offence. You would hardly believe it, I dare say; but I have adopted the habit of trying to talk seriously when she is listening."

Pelling was amused, and he did not conceal it.

"I think that is the greatest compliment you could pay her," he said. "Will you adopt the same practice with me?"

Miss Collins shook her head, with a look of intense wisdom.

"I should not dare," she replied, with mock gravity. "If I were to get a reputation for seriousness, I should probably die an old maid."

"Why so?"

"As if you do not know! Men always prefer frivolous talkers for their wives. There is the dinner-bell. Are you to take me down?"

Later in the evening Miss Collins dropped into a quiet corner and discussed things with the utmost freedom with an intimate friend whom she had not seen since the end of the season.

She was describing the breaking up of the party when Pauline's intended marriage had been discovered.

"Now tell me—could there be anything more ridiculous than her running away from her own house and marrying, or trying to marry a man secretly, when there was no on to prevent her doing it openly? My dear, you should have seen our faces when Mrs. Sefton—her chaperon, you know—read us the note she had left behind, as we dropped in, one after another, to luncheon! At first everybody looked very surprised, and then the absurdity of the whole proceeding struck us. Why could she not have been married properly? No one could have objected to her marrying that good-looking artist if she chose to do so."

"Was she very much 'gone' on him?"

"Awfully! It must have been a terrible blow to her when her husband turned up."

"Rather! Isn't it odd, his being here?"

"I don't think so. He was very good to Sir Geoffrey when he was in less affluent circumstances, I believe."

"Things seem a bit mixed. From what I could make out, he had believed himself a widower, just as she had thought herself a widow, until they met in the church. Don't you think it probable that, while he was under the impression that his wife was dead, he may have had a liking for Miss Malling?"

"I believe you are right," Bertha replied energetically, "for I saw him looking at her before dinner with his heart in his eyes."

"It is certainly very strange that he should have fallen in love with the girl who was being kept out of her right position by his own wife! It looks like the finger of Fate, doesn't it?—though which way the finger is pointing I can't see."

As the guests one after another took their departure, Ethel felt her burden lightening. Her first party had been an unqualified

success, but she was none the less glad to have it over.

Lord Summers stayed behind, talking earnestly with Sir Geoffrey.

"I admit I was disappointed when I heard that she had taken the family jewels with her," he said in allusion to Pauline. "I'm afraid she has inherited some of her father's want of principle. The Luttons were never particularly distinguished for honesty. What do you mean to do about it, Geoffrey?"

"About what?"

"The recovery of the jewels."

"Nothing openly. I am in communication with her waiting-maid, who has promised to let me know if there is any idea on Pauline's part of selling them, and I shall unknown to her, become the purchaser."

"An excellent idea and a very generous one. By-the-bye, as things have turned out, how fortunate it is that the engagement between our charming Ethel and young Dornton was——"

He stopped suddenly as Ethel and Pelling came back from bidding farewell to Miss Collins. They both caught the drift of his words, and Ethel glanced at Pelling's face; but it was calmly unconscious. Thinking this a good opening to talk of Jack, she said—

"If you are not too tired, I want to show you a delightful style of title-page that I came across this morning. I thought you might elaborate the idea for your 'Central Africa.' It is on this table somewhere."

"I am afraid my share of 'Central Africa' will not be anything to be proud of," he replied, with a smile.

Ethel was busy searching for the book as she answered decisively—

"That is nonsense, and you know it, Captain Pelling! I have made up my mind that your sketches are to be the principal attraction of the book. It is really unkind of you to make light of your work after all our interest in it!"

"That is just it," he returned laughingly. "I have become so accustomed to working in company that I find I can't move a step by myself."

The words rather startled Ethel, for she discerned more meaning in them than they bore on the surface. She had seen very little of the Captain since her father's return from Spain and she was suddenly struck by the great alteration in his face.

There were lines of pain and trouble round his mouth which she had never noticed, and the knowledge seemed to come to her suddenly that this man loved her still, that he loved her in spite of himself. She had seen enough of him to know that he was the soul of honor, and gauged the depth of his love by the fact that his heart refused in this instance to be governed by his sense of right. In her great pity for him she forgot all about her intended inquiries after Jack.

"We are great friends, are we not?" she asked, after a pause.

He looked surprised at her irrelevancy as he answered—

"I hope and think so."

"And you would not be offended at anything I should say for your good?"

Captain Pelling thought he knew what was coming, and he prepared himself for the shock.

"Go on," he said between his clenched teeth, and waited with knitted brows for what she had to say.

Ethel, in her short life, had often had unpleasant tasks to perform, but never one so unpleasant as this.

"Out of your own mouth shall you be judged," she began smiling at him to hide the trembling of her lips. "You say you have become so used to working in company that you cannot move a step by yourself; but I say you must take the one needful step by yourself that will secure you good company to work in for the rest of your life. Go to Paris at once, seek out your wife, and give her the protection of your presence. She will yield. You must not judge her by her words when you last met. You had her at a cruel disadvantage. Think what an awful shock your sudden appearance must have been to her! It is very, very hard for me to say this to you, after all your kindness to us in the past; but you will not misjudge my motive. I am speaking for your good. By-and-by, when you are quite happy with each other, you will be thankful to me for sending you away in this abrupt manner."

"You wish me to go at once?" he then asked.

"That is a very cruel way to put it," she answered gently. "You know I do not—so far as I am personally concerned—wish you to go at all. True friends are not so plentiful that one can afford to play battledore and shuttlecock with them for one's own pleasure. For your own good, Captain Pelling, I advise your going at once."

As she said this, she caught a gleam from his eyes which gave a meaning she had not intended to her words. He believed she was alluding to the danger to him of being in her presence continually. She faltered, and a distressed flush colored her face; her eyes fell, and her lips trembled warningly. He pushed forward a low chair, and put her into it.

"You are one of the best women that ever lived," he exclaimed; "and I am proud to have had you for a friend! I ought to have known my presence would give you pain, and refused Sir Geoffrey's invitation. Don't speak until I've finished," he went on hurriedly, holding up his hand to check any interruption. "I shall follow your advice to the letter. I will thrust aside my own inclinations and run over to Paris and see what Mrs. Pelling is doing, spend Christmas among the Frenchmen, and perhaps in the New Year Captain and Mrs. Pelling may have the honor of receiving Sir Geoffrey and Miss Malling at the Wigwam."

For once Ethel looked at him with her eyes brimming with tears; but she did not dare make an attempt to speak. He took her hand in his, and held it close as he finished,

"You must make some plausible excuse to Sir Geoffrey for my abrupt departure in the morning, or, better still, I will wire from town. I shall write to you from Paris, if I may. And now, before I say good night, I must give you this letter. I received it two days ago from Dornton. I know it will please you. He and I correspond regularly; so I shall keep you posted up in his movements. Good-bye, my true, honest little friend!"

She sat, as he left her, holding Jack's letter in her hand, hearing his voice very faintly in the distance as he excused himself with the plea of fatigue to her father, and wondering how it had happened that this interview, which she had brought about for the sole purpose of hearing news of Jack, had ended in so sudden a determination on the Captain's part to seek his wife. She knew his resolve was the result of her advice, and she hoped devotedly that good might come of it.

And Pelling mounted the wide stairs very slowly, deep in thought as he went.

"She is quite right, as she is always. It is the only thing to do; and I never saw it myself. My place is undoubtedly by my wife's side."

## CHAPTER XVII.

I TELL you your presence here is an unwarrantable intrusion! If you do not leave my apartment of your own free will, I shall be compelled to have you ejected!"

It was the third day since Pelling left Ethel, and this was his wife's greeting. He had had a long battle with himself; but duty had been triumphant, and his mind once made up, he was not to be discouraged by a few bitter words.

"That is not necessary. Of course I will leave you; but you will not refuse to answer me one or two questions first?"

This quiet manner was quite different from the masterful tone Pauline had expected; she could hold her own if he stormed or upbraided her, but she hardly saw her way to quarrel with a man who refused to quarrel.

"Ask your questions then, and, if I choose to answer them, I will. If I don't choose, I will not. But, for Heaven's sake, get them over quickly!"

Pelling sat down, and Pauline watched him in sullen silence. She looked round the handsomely-furnished but untidy room, and presently his gaze came back to his wife, beautiful even in her dishabille; and, as he looked at her, his heart almost failed him, and he asked himself angrily why he should take so much trouble to accomplish an end which he so little desired.

Her handsome brown eyes were watching him with a furtive hate, and her finely-formed lips were pressed together vindictively. He half rose from his chair with the intention of leaving her, when the thought of the little gravestone in a far-off land determined him to stay.

"Will you tell me something of our child Pauline?" he said.

She sprang up with a look of desperate fright on her face.

"How dare you come here to browbeat me like this?" she exclaimed vehemently; and then she sank back on the couch again. But, after a pause, she said quietly enough, "You have touched my one weak point. Of course you have a right to hear what there is to tell. My baby was born a weakly little thing. I had hard work to keep body and soul together in those first days after my father's death. I knew from the first she could not live long. She died when she was three months old."

"I wish she had lived."

Pauline looked at him as if she doubted his reason.

"Why do you wish such a mad thing as that?"

"Because, if it had not been for seeing her grave, I should have gone on searching for you until I found you."

"Ah! And, if you had found me then, if you had come to Mallingford quietly and said, 'Pauline, you are my wife; come with me,' do you know what I would have done? I would have killed you! I would kill you even now if your death would undo any of the harm you have worked me! But it is all over—everything is over—and the next thing you will hear is that I have killed myself."

The words were spoken very quietly, very earnestly.

"Why do you hate me so bitterly, Pauline?" he asked; and he studied her attentively while she answered—

"Because you have been my evil genius ever since I became your wife. If I had not married you, my life might have been as happy and pleasant as other women's lives are. No sooner did I know that I was my uncle's heiress than my happiness was destroyed by hearing that I was to inherit only on the condition that I did not marry without my guardian's consent. Thanks to you, this condition was already broken; and my six years of possession have been embittered by the certainty in my own mind that you were alive somewhere and would surely find me some day, and deprive me of all that I had risked so much to obtain."

"I think I begin to understand," Pelling said quietly. "You had known so well the bitterness of poverty in your father's lifetime that, when you saw this chance of wealth, you were tempted too strongly. You felt you could sacrifice everything and everybody if you could for ever place yourself beyond the reach of want. My poor girl, if I could have found you, if you had not taken such pains to throw me off your track, what sorrow might have been spared us both. Two days after I left you so suddenly in Rome I found myself the possessor of an income of over three thousand a year. Ah, Pauline, if you had only acted honestly, how comparatively happy we might have been!"

"Three thousand a year?" she repeated absently.

The look of active hate had given place to one of apathetic despair. They remained steadily regarding each other for a few moments. Suddenly she burst into a fit of soul-freezing laughter.

"And people say there is a providence!" she cried wildly. "If I had known this at that time, when I had some kindness for you in my heart, how different matters might have been!"

"And you would have known it had it not been for the barrier your own trickery had raised between us. 'Tis your own sin that has done the evil."

Again her mood changed, and she turned upon him suddenly.

"I consented to answer or to listen to one or two questions; but I can dispense with all preaching," she said defiantly. "If you have asked all you want to know, I beg you to leave me."

Pelling sighed heavily and took up his hat.

"You will let me come and see you again?"

"You? You do not care for me in the least. Why should you take so much trouble to be civil to me?"

"You are my wife. No amount of dislike or shortcoming on your part alters that fact. We have been very unfortunate in the past. I can see you are unhappy, and, in an indirect way, I am the cause of your unhappiness. I would give a great deal to make things brighter for you, if you would let me."

She was touched by the earnestness of his manner and tone.

"You are very good," she said; "and I am sorry I behaved so badly to you."

She stood silent for a few moments, Pelling watching her quietly; while they so stood, the clock on the mantelpiece struck twelve.

"You must go now," she told him hurriedly. "I have an appointment to ride with some friends. Come again at this time to-morrow."

He did not attempt any outward display of affection, but turned at the door, saying—

"Until to-morrow then"—and passed down the stairs.

He met Babette half-way down.

"With whom does your mistress ride to-day?" he asked.

"With the Baroness de Belotte"—a woman well known for the pertinacity with which she had clung to the extreme edge of respectable society for the last five years while defying many of its laws. "They have a wager as to who will ride the greatest distance on a horse belonging to Monsieur Cravin which has always refused to carry a lady."

Pelling went on, with a little unacknowledged anxiety in his heart. He would go back and try to dissuade Pauline from this mad freak, but that he knew it would be useless; and any show of authority on his part just now might perhaps undo the little good he believed he had accomplished.

He drove straight back to his hotel, and sat with his chin resting on his hands at the little table in the window of his room. He saw a strange state of mingled hope and dread.

He did not know what he wished: he only knew that he meant to do what he conceived to be his duty, the rest he must leave in higher hands.

As he sat there his thoughts wandered to Ethel, now for ever removed from his path in life, a sweet fair dream of what might have been.

He sighed as he recalled her vivid smile of thanks gleaming through her tears when he placed Jack Dornton's letter in her hand.

While thus musing over the past, he was brought back to the present by the sight of his wife entering by, in company with several others; and, following them, he noticed a fidgety horse, with a side-saddle on, which was being led by a groom. Pauline looked up and bowed gravely; he returned the greeting.

How handsome she looked! How well she sat her horse! How proud he might have been of her if she had never allowed the lust of riches to crowd the womanliness out of her heart! He leaned forward and watched her as far as he could see from the window.

* * * * *

An hour later Pelling was stooping over his wife's poor crushed body in one of the little chalets in the Bois de Boulogne. She had been thrown and trampled on, and was dying of internal haemorrhage. Her voice was very low, and her words came slowly, with many pauses.

"It is heaven's justice! After you had gone this morning, I made up my mind to do as you wished. I thought I would try to love you—you were so good—and we should be—happy together. I had no right to be happy—after my wickedness, and Heaven has—settled it!"

"My poor mistaken girl!"

"Yes, that is true. I've—been mistaken all—my life. No one ever—tried to make me good. I was always left to servants—when I was—a little child, and I learnt evil—easily, I suppose. Heaven is just, and the great Judge will remember my—great temptations. Will you kiss me—just once, Alec? Say you forgive me—it will make my mind easier."

In spite of his efforts not to disturb her last moments by any show of feeling, a large tear dropped upon her face.

She looked at him wonderingly, and put up her finger to his cheek.

"For me," she said very softly—"you cry for me? I do not deserve—to have one mourner—at my death-bed. I have done evil to every one—but Jack. Give him my ——"

She stopped a moment, and a sharp spasm distorted her beautiful features. She spoke again but her voice was growing weaker.

"I will not—leave messages; they might bring a curse."

Another spasm seized her, and, when it had passed, the hue of death was creeping over her face. It was all finished now, and the strong young life that had been so misused had come to an end.

Pelling took out a card, and left it with the people of the house, and then went straightway to see that all the necessary arrangements were made for the interment of her who had once been very dear to him.

He wrote a short letter to Sir Geoffrey that night. It ran—

"Dear Sir Geoffrey—Your niece, my wife, was killed by a fall from her horse to-day. We were reconciled at the last. Tell your daughter I can never express my gratitude to her for sending me here; it will always be a source of thankfulness in my heart. The family jewels are intact, Babette tells me, and they will be sent by special courier. When the funeral is over, I think I shall join Dornton in Italy, and towards the spring we may work our way homewards in company. Ask Miss Ethel to keep us ever green in her memory. I've set my heart on seeing our young friend Jack a Royal Academician before many years. With his talent, he wants only a little judicious pushing, and I mean to devote my time to pushing him.

"Always your sincere friend,
"ALEXANDER PELLING."

Ethel was greatly affected by this letter, and she went about with a very sober face for some weeks, until the preparation for Christmas absorbed her, and left her no time for thinking of handsome young artists or anything else.

But, even in the midst of the excitement of Christmastide, there was always a craving in her heart, a dreary sense of emptiness, which grew and grew until she was compelled, with many blushes, to admit its presence, and to acknowledge to herself that only one person in all the world could fill the void.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

THE weeks slipped by, and the young spring began to send out its fore-runners. It had been a mild winter, and the big horse-chestnuts in the Mallingford woods sent forth their round pale buds quite a fortnight earlier than usual.

To Ethel the air was full of sweet voices that whispered gently of coming happiness—for were not the wanderers coming home when the hawthorn bloomed?

With a shining joy in her eyes she went about among her father's guests during those early spring days, and Sir Geoffrey smiled to himself as he remarked the change. He thought himself a shrewd observer, and fancied he had found out the cause of her previous disposition and her present content.

A young fellow named Farringdon, the son of a friend of Sir Geoffrey's youth, had been among the Christmas visitors at Mallingford, and it was soon apparent that he had fallen desperately in love with sweet-faced Ethel. He was a most estimable young man, with a substantial rent-roll, and knowing himself to be desirable *parti*, he went to Sir Geoffrey and asked his consent, feeling quite satisfied as to what would be the result.

Then Sir Gregory spoke to Ethel and was astonished on receiving an emphatic refusal, coupled with the declaration that her heart was not her own to bestow. So Sir Geoffrey, bearing in mind the girl's happy excitement over Pelling's letters, which contained nothing but accounts of Dornton's industry, talent and success, put two and two together, and decided that it should be so; but he had married for love himself, and he was not going to attempt to influence his daughter in the selection of a husband.

So a warm invitation was sent to the roaming artists, and Ethel settled down into a beatific state of anticipation; and one soft spring day towards the end of April they arrived.

Nearly all Sir Geoffrey's neighbors were in London by this time, and Ethel had been rather puzzled as to how she should provide a party to meet the two men; but her father put an end to her perplexity by desiring her to entertain them strictly *en famille*.

"We can have one or two dinners, if you like, during their stay," he said; "but I should prefer you not to fill the house with ordinary society visitors. You see they both knew us in our poverty, and I should like to enjoy their society without the restraint of strangers' presence."

Sir Geoffrey actually drove over himself to meet them, and Ethel put on her prettiest hat and accompanied him. She did not go on to the platform with her father, but sat waiting in the carriage.

Her heart fluttered a good deal as she sat there watching the few passengers pass by ones and twos through the little station door. She wondered what could be keeping them.

At last her father came out, and with him a handsome, sunburnt, broad-shouldered, bearded giant, whom Ethel regarded with no little surprise.

Could this self-possessed courteous creature be Jack—her Jack, whom she used to chide sometimes for his little mistakes, who had often confessed that he owed what little polish he had to his intercourse with her and her father? She was so astonished at the change in the man and his manners that some of her feeling found its way into her face.

An amused look stole into his eyes as he stood bare-headed waiting until she should offer her hand. Ethel caught the twinkle and its meaning, and blushed.

"How changed you are!"—she had almost said "improved."

"You look as if you had enjoyed your winter very much."

"I have; but I hope to enjoy my spring better."

Something in the words jarred on Ethel's nice sense of tact. She glanced quickly at him, blushed again, and changed the subject.

"Where is Captain Pelling, papa?"

That gentleman stepped forward from behind a pillar of the portico, where, with a strange longing, he had stood watching the eloquent little pantomime of blushes and glances that had just taken place.

The girl looked at him for a moment in even greater surprise than she had at Jack. She grew very pale, then extended both hands quickly.

"I am so glad to see you again," she said, "though I am sorry to see you looking so tired. I don't think traveling agrees with you. You must stay at Mallingford, and be nursed until you are quite well."

A dusky red—called up perhaps by the warmth of her greeting—suddenly spread over his face, then left it again as colorless as before.

"I am all right," he returned, smiling at the anxious look in her eyes. "I'm hard as nails; nothing ever ails me."

"We won't argue the question now," she said, with her usual brightness. "Are all your belongings right? Let us get home then and have some luncheon; I am absolutely famished. Come, papa!"

The three men took their seats in the roomy barouche, and the talk became general. Ethel, leaning back in her corner, and taking mental notes of the trouble and suffering written so unmistakably on Pelling's face, did not notice that she in turn was being watched as closely by some one else, who, by the end of the five-mile drive, had come to the conclusion that he had been decoyed to Mallingford under false pretences, and had made up his mind to take the first opportunity of ascertaining the truth from her own lips. But the opportunity did not present itself so readily as he had hoped, and three days passed without a chance of a tete-a-tete.

On the fourth however things changed. It was the day of the private view at the Academy. Of course Sir Geoffrey, by right of his old associations, had the entree; so equally of course had Jack as an exhibitor.

The rooms were, as usual, crowded to excess. Jack and Sir Geoffrey were in front, and Ethel was with Pelling.

Jack turned suddenly, with his face aglow and his eyes shining, and said, in a proud whisper—

"By Jove, Pelling, it's on the line!"

Pelling pressed forward and shook him stealthily by the hand. Ethel saw the movement, and for a moment wished she was a man to inspire such a friendship as existed between these two; then she offered her congratulations warmly and sincerely.

The other two passed on, leaving Ethel with Jack to take note of the points of the picture. Jack, seizing the opportunity, bent his head and whispered—

"Do you remember my water-color of last year?"

"To be sure," she answered, without any sign beyond a slight increase of color that the memory was a disquieting one.

"How much has happened since then that I could wish undone!"

"And I also."

"Do you mean that?"

"Why should I say it unless I did?"

Jack looked excited. It was an awkward place to make an avowal of love, certainly; but he would not lose the opportunity she had given him.

He leaned forward and pointed out some flaw in a picture before them without in the least knowing what he was saying, then whispered close to her ear—

"And do you really love me still? And may I try to repair my past folly by loving you more than ever?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## The Expiated Crime.

BY JULIA A. GODDARD.

I had a trying day. Something had gone wrong—I knew not what—in the large warehouse where my brother Robert was master and I was head-clerk. Robert, always stern and imperative, was, this day, insufferably so.

I had never seen the temper which my dying mother warned me against irritating, so bitter and cutting as now. Why was it? True, I had won the love which he so earnestly coveted; but was I to blame because Olive Stoughton liked me better than him? I was but a poor clerk, and he a thriving, prosperous man, able to give her a splendid house; but she cared more for the little cottage which alone I could afford to live in, and which already we were furnishing for our future residence.

I had lodged with Olive's mother for five years, and Olive had ever been as a dear sister to me. When Robert, who had seen her but a few times, but was struck with her innocent beauty, wanted to make her his wife she came weeping to me.

Her mother had urged her earnestly to marry him; but she could not love one so cold and stern.

Would I please to go down and talk her mother into reason? Would I tell her that it was not right in the sight of Heaven to form such an alliance?

Before this I had felt quite content that Olive should look upon me as a brother. The thought that she had been so nearly lost to me made me know that this relationship was not all I coveted.

I loved her as one who should be my wife; and when I went down to talk to Mrs. Stoughton I told her so, and she, who saw in my future a counterpart of my brother's success, was persuaded that it was best to consult Olive's own inclinations.

That night the weeping girl confessed that she refused Robert for my sake; and as soon as I was able, by close economy, to take a small house in the suburbs, I did so. We were to be married in a week. Something had kept me from telling my brother, but I presumed that he knew it from another source.

Perhaps I cannot make anyone understand how much I stood in fear of my brother Robert. He was seven years older than myself, had been the tyrant of my boyhood, and the scourge of my mother. When she died he was my guardian; and although I suspected that he appropriated the little she left me, I dared not ask him any questions lest it might irritate him. On her death-bed my mother had charged me, and I had promised never to oppose him—always to give way to him. My poor mother! she would not have done so had she but known all.

He took me into his warehouse when I was fifteen, and I had been the slave of his will ever since, never daring to cross his path, until, armed with the desperate courage of love, I had rivalled him in the heart of Olive Stoughton.

On the morning of this day I had caught a malicious gleam in Robert's eye.

He kept me very late at the office that evening, and sent me afterwards on an unnecessary errand connected with a bill of exchange.

When I went to the counting-house the next morning, Robert looked up with the old grave stare, now so familiar, and said, "There are two bills abroad this morning of the description of that which you took away yesterday—one them is, of course, a forged one. Someone here has done it. Who imitates my handwriting, save yourself?"

I was thunderstruck, but I recovered myself sufficiently to say, "How do you know that it was done here?"

"Because our own paper was used—the blanks which we had expressly engraved for our bills. No one has had access to it but you and myself, therefore I accuse you?"

"But, Robert, you do not believe that I did this?"

"What else can I think? Here is the bill which I have had to redeem. Look at it."

"Nay, I see that it strongly resembles my writing, but it is only a resemblance—I never wrote it. Robert, you are in jest, you do this to frighten me. Look at me. Do I look like a guilty person?"

He colored, bit his lips, and did not reply.

I said, "Brother, someone seems trying to do me an injury. I swear faithfully that I will find that person out and expose him, even if it is years and years hence. No matter who it is, I will do so. I would expose a man who would do that if he were my own brother."

He started now and looked very angry.

"Edgar," he said at last, "already the police are in pursuit of you to answer to this forgery. I can assist you to elude them; but if I do, you must promise never to come back—you must promise to go alone, and that you will communicate with no human being here after you have departed. I have all things ready. Go at once, and you are saved; stay, and you are lost!"

"Fly from the consequences of a crime I never committed? Never! I will stay, and if possible, prove my innocence."

"You cannot," he said, coldly.

"Perhaps I can discover who has thus injured me."

Another of those strange looks came over his face, and he exclaimed loudly and hastily, "Take your choice. A residence in prison must have charms for you!"

It was a terrible thought indeed, but I trusted in my innocence. I did not believe that Robert would allow my name to be disgraced. Alas! he had already permitted the police to examine the different handwriting of the clerks, and mine had been selected as the imitation of his own. And they were still in the building, ready to pounce upon him who had forged the bill.

Robert was pale now. He had not calculated upon my firmness; he had depended on my flight. He implored me now to secrete myself, but I was obstinate. When my voice was raised, he entreated me to lower it, and pointed to the other room. In my desperation I flew to the door, opened it, and, strong in my innocence, I said, "I am here to answer to my good name. My brother wishes me to go away, but why should I? I am innocent, and will bide the result."

"How is this, Mr. Bernard?" asked one of them. "Did you seek to deprive the law of its just prey? You who were so eager just now!"

Robert wiped his eyes. I do believe the men gave him credit for brotherly affection and sympathy. But he had shown it too late. I was taken away immediately and put in confinement.

And Olive would hear of my trouble from strangers! And how—oh! how would she bear it! So near our great happiness, and now!

There was no hope. It was useless to record my trial. Even Robert, repentant as he must have been, could not save me now. The bill was too faithful a transcript of my writing.

No other clerk wrote in imitation of Robert's hand; and my counsel's suggestion that Mr. Bernard might have written it himself was considered too monstrous to have a moment's sway with the court.

My poor Olive! alas! she had no one but myself to care for her. But there was a deeper grief even than this. The blow was struck by the hand of my brother!—for I could not but doubt that Robert had done this. He had hoped and believed that the witness of his guilt would pass unsuspected; but, in case it should not, the responsibility must not in any case fall upon him!

I was in prison five years. Three of these years Olive visited me often. The fourth, she was wearing away to another land; and, before its close, she died. What cared I then to live? I would not have raised my hand for a release from prison. Another year went on.

I never heard from Robert, not even when my Olive died. It would injure his respectability to show any sympathy with a forger.

Well, the day of release came. I was indifferent to its approach. I even lingered after I was told that I was free to go. At length I walked out once more into a world which had taught me such bitter lessons. I hurried out of town, and sought my old home.

I do not know how I reached the suburban town where Robert had always resided since he left my mother's roof.

I found myself in the dusk of the evening opposite his house. A dim light burned in one room where the window was slightly raised. I determined to go in, and charge him with the forgery; or—worse still—the dreadful thought of killing him on the spot.

Let me here acknowledge all my guilt. I did think of this. How madly I strode across the street and entered the house! I went directly to his room. On a couch, pale, haggard, and emaciated, lay the wreck of my brother, once a noble-looking, handsome man. He was praying when I pushed open the door, but his voice was weak and low.

When I saw that look, so like my dying mother's, I felt sure that he was dying too. It softened, disarmed me.

A moment after he discovered me. I cannot describe his cry; it was like nothing earthly. As he reached out his thin, emaciated arms towards me all my anger melted.

All that he had done had been for the hope of winning Olive Stoughton's love. He did not give up the hope until he heard of her death, and knew that she died of grief for me. Oh, the shame, the agony, which his confession embodied! He had written it and begged me to have it published. He died that night. Could it wipe out those dreary prison years? Could it restore my Olive? Alas, no; better that our name should pass away from the memory of those who knew its stain.

And so, with a miniature taken from my mother's portrait, I came away under an assumed name. I entered into active, stirring, out-door life in my new abode. Robert's property was now mine; but I preferred to work since labor alone could drive away the phantoms that troubled my life. One phantom however, dear and beloved, has never left me. It is that of the risen angel that would have so blessed my lot—who still blesses it, although unseen by mortal eyes.

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ODD FUNERAL CUSTOMS.—In past ages, in Sicily, a piece of money was put into the mouth of the corpse—a survival of the fare which Charon was bound to receive. A virgin had a palm branch and a crown in her coffin; a child a garland of flowers. It is the worst possible omen for a bridal procession to meet a funeral. It has to be averted by making the "horns"—(thrusting the thumb between the first two fingers), or by putting a pomegranate before the door or in the window. Elsewhere certain little loaves or bread-cakes in the form of a cross are given to the poor on the day of a death. In Glaccsa, behind the funeral procession comes an ass laden with food, which, after the burial, is distributed either here in the open or under cover in some house. The Sicilian-Albanians do not sit on chairs during the first days of mourning, but on the dead man's mattress. In some houses all is thrown into intentional confusion—turned upside down to mark the presence of death.

Others put out the mattress to show that the invalid is dead; others again remake the bed as if for marraige, placing on it the crucifix which the sick man had held in his hand when dying. Woe to those who let the candle go out while burning at the foot of the bed. On the first day of mourning there is only one of these corpse-lights; on the second two, on the third, three. Men and women sit around—the men covered up in their cloaks with a black ribbon around their throats—the women with black mantles drawn over the head, all in deep mourning. For the first nine days friends, also in strict deep mourning, throng the house to pay their formal visits of condolence. The mourners do not speak or look up, but sit there like statues, and talk of the dead in solemn phrases and with bated breath, but entering into minute and sometimes most ridiculous details. The mourning lasts two or three years for parents, husband or wife, and brothers and sisters; six months for grandparents and uncle and aunts; three months for a cousin.

## Bric-a-Brac.

THE ELEPHANT.—The only pace of the elephant is the walk, which is capable of being increased to a fast shuffle of about fifteen miles an hour for a very short distance. The elephant can neither trot, canter, nor gallop, nor can it make the smallest spring either in vertical height or in horizontal distance.

THE MAY QUEEN.—"The custom of having a Queen of the May, or May Queen," observes an old book, "looks like a relic of the heathen celebration of the day; this flower-crowned maid appears as a living representation of the goddess Flora, whom the Romans worshipped in their day. Be it observed, the May Queen did not join in the revelries of her subjects. She was placed in a sort of bower or arbor, near the May-pole, there to sit in pretty state, an object of admiration to the whole village. She, herself, was half covered with flowers, and her shrine was wholly composed of them."

MEXICAN CARS.—The street cars are run in trains in Mexico. Instead of leaving the terminus one car each ten minutes, three cars are sent together every half hour. This is not a measure of economy, for each car has two mules attached, and, although they are never more than half a block apart, there are always two conductors besides the driver. One conductor takes the money and gives you a ticket and the other comes around, punches it in the presence of the passenger and puts it in his pocket. They are supposed to be a check upon each other. The street car drivers always carry a horn and blow it as they approach a street crossing, so that there is a perpetual tooting going on.

SCIENCE'S LATEST.—The romance of timber is certainly worth writing, if news be true. At a certain wood-cutting and pulping works in Georgia, a huge forest tree was recently cut down at six in the morning. It was pulp at noon, and at six p. m. had been transmogrified into paper. It was taken to a newspaper office, and by six a.m. again had been distributed through the city as one of the principal newspapers of the neighborhood! If the tree had only been planted at six in the evening the day before it was cut down, had grown up in the night, with chairs and tables for fruit, then its subsequent newspaper fate might have excited the admiration of the world, and this very pretty little tale have been rounded off with smooth circumstantiality.

GOOD TO SOME ONE.—It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good; and the recent dynamite explosions have been utilised by ingenious advertisers, as the following story shows which is going the round of the Continental press. Captain Crakson and Engineer Metrokins were to fight a duel. The latter, having the choice of arms, decided on a dynamite combat. At the set hour the combatants arrived, each carrying five cartridges. The seconds mounted on the highest trees, and the duel commenced. The two first cartridges were without effect; at the third there was a fearful explosion. The seconds fell from their lofty perches, and found Captain Crakson literally torn to pieces. Metrokins had altogether disappeared. Only the boots of the adversaries were found, which on examination were found to come from the well-known shoe-shop of Messrs. X. and Co.

A TWO-EDGED ARGUMENT.—It is related of Erskine, the famous English advocate, that, walking across Hampstead Heath on one occasion, he saw a man unmercifully cudgelling a miserable half-starved pack-horse, and remonstrated with him on his cruelty. "Why," indignantly replied the fellow, "the horse is my own; mayn't I use it as I please?" Thus speaking, the ruffian vigorously discharged a fresh shower of blows on the already bleeding back of the poor beast. This conduct so exasperated Erskine that, lifting his walking stick, he brought it down smartly several times over the shoulders of the cowardly offender, who crouching beneath the well-directed blows, grumblingly asked what business his assailant had to touch him with a stick. "Why, my good fellow," replied Erskine, promptly, "the stick is my own; do you think I mayn't use it as I please?"

A WONDERFUL CLOCK.—One of the most wonderful timepieces ever heard of is a clock described, by a Hindu Rajah as belonging to a native princess of Upper India. In front of the clock's disk is a gong, swung upon poles, and near it is a pile of artificial limbs. The pile is made up of the full number of parts for twelve perfect bodies, but all lie heaped together in seeming confusion. Whenever the hands of the clock indicates the hour of 1, out from the pile crawls just the number of parts to form the frame of one man, part joining itself to part with a quick metallic click, and when completed the figure springs up, seizes a small mallet, and walking up to the gong strikes one—the first hour. When 2 o'clock comes, two men rise up and do likewise; and so through all the hours of the day, the number of figures being the same as the number of the hour, till at noon and midnight the entire heap spring up, and marching to the gong, strike one after another each his blow, making twelve in all, and then fall to pieces again.

### DELUSION.

BY RITA.

We madly follow Pleasure,
The phantom of a day;
We dance to Folly's measure,
While with remorse we pay.

We flatter those above us,
Their frailties imitate,
Neglecting friends who love us,
To fawn on those we hate.

Each has his beau ideal,
And each deplores his lot;
We overlook the real,
In search of what is not.

We hear the voice of Reason,
Resolve and hesitate;
Defer then for a season,
And heed it when too late.

While Happiness pursuing,
O'er land and sea we roam;
The goddess thus we're wooing
Is waiting us at home.

Still counting on the morrow,
We reach the end at last;
Then worlds would give to borrow
One moment from the Past.

# THE Mystery of Glenorris

BY MARY CECIL HAY,

AUTHORESS OF "NORA'S LOVE-TEST," "OLD MYDDLETON'S MONEY," "FOR HER DEAR SAKE," "DOROTHY'S VENTURE," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

SEPTEMBER'S rich and glowing beauty had not yet died in the chilly arms of young October when Mr. Norman Pardy returned from his London chambers to Ashgrove—as home—for the last time. He had postponed taking possession of Merlswood for nearly two weeks, partly through being so thoroughly engrossed in his search for Joy Glenorris, partly because his mother's doctor had not yet pronounced her equal to the removal, even in that luxurious roomy chariot in which Joy Glenorris had so childishly exulted.

But now the favorable verdict had been given, and this very day he was to take her to the splendid home he had inherited—quietly for her health's sake, but he had strictly ordered that the servants should line the hall, and receive her as their honored and welcome mistress.

In spite of his pride in this anticipation, and the consciousness that he was going to Ashgrove—as home—for the last time, his face had worn a rather worried expression all through the journey, for his unflagging efforts to discover the hiding-place of Joy Glenorris, and he himself the one to reinstate her in society, had not as yet met with that success which he had naturally anticipated, considering his calm superiority over other men and his shrewd knowledge of the world.

But, when he left the train at the little Eastmouth Station, and found he was received there as a personage of great importance, his handsome forehead resumed its narrow droop, and his greeting to those who showed themselves obsequious was absolutely genial.

He left the station, pleasantly assuring the station-master he preferred a walk to a drive, and his glance around him was so perfectly ingenuous that a less keen observer than the young man who met him would have believed he was merely on the alert for any friend chance might throw in his way, on this return to his native county after his short absence.

But the very keen-sighted young man who met him understood a little more than was visible on the surface, and, as he was in Mr. Pardy's employ at present, and had received full instructions from him by post that morning, this was perhaps not extraordinary.

"Well?" interrogated Mr. Pardy briefly, as the gentlemanly-looking young fellow turned and walked beside him, he slackening his step.

"No important news yet, Mr. Pardy," the detective answered, looking round him as if he discussed the weather or the scenery. "The Baronet has been at Merlswood again to-day, and looks in desperate earnest over this task he has undertaken. He has brought Lady Vickery to Coombe Castle, for the guests were all dismissed in Ireland that he might be on the very spot here."

"Servants' information," remarked Mr. Pardy coldly.

"I saw Sir Hussay Vickery this morning," continued his companion, unmoved, "and I can testify how the suspense is telling upon him. He was closeted with an agent of yours—with Mr. Johnson, I should say—for more than an hour. You have noticed, of course, Mr. Pardy, the advertisements inserted by Sir Hussay?"

"Oh, yes, I have noticed! Well?"

"I think my letters have told you all. Mrs. Klenon went up to town and joined her daughters. Her firm conviction, or what she asserts as her firm conviction, is that Miss Glenorris is abroad with Mrs. Nelson's party, and that they have connived to keep her friends in ignorance of this fact. Of course we know better, sir, and if the young lady joined them we should hear within an hour or two—wherever they might be."

"I never imagined it for a moment,' observed Norman coolly. "What about your wife?"

"She is already on very friendly terms with Miss Beton, and hears all she has to say; but her discourse consists merely of surmises. The poor lady is as utterly in the dark as any one. From chance observations among the servants at Merlswood my wife has taken up the notion that a clue might be obtainable from Miss Klenon, if it were very delicately and dexterously handled. She therefore awaits your decision as to whether she shall go up to town and attempt it."

"Not at present. I will think that over," said Norman, as indifferently as if he had not on his own account followed up that clue as far as it went. "You are both wanted here. As long as you let nothing escape you, I see no need of extra agency."

He added this rather pointedly.

"Nothing has escaped us, nothing will," asserted the man quietly. "I think you did the wisest thing, Mr. Pardy, in employing us, instead of going to Scotland Yard. All we do is so thoroughly private, just between our two selves, our three selves, I may say. You have found us useful before have you not? Especially you proved my wife's capability some time ago, I believe."

"Yes, yes," assented Mr. Pardy readily; "and I thoroughly depend upon you now."

"You may indeed, Mr. Pardy."

"And you say Sir Hussay Vickery is very energetic over this unfamiliar task, bent on succeeding—eh?"—with a raising of the fair moustache.

"Very energetic," the man returned, smiling; "but it is not to be supposed that he will succeed where we fail, Mr. Pardy. His career has not in any way fitted him for what he has taken upon himself now. He has always been accustomed to win without any toil and to possess without any effort. In such a new experience as this no one can anticipate success for him."

"Mr. Ozanne has not been down here lately?"

"No; nor, to my knowledge, has Mr. Meredith informed him of the change at Merlswood. Mr. Meredith was to have joined Mrs. Nelson in Paris this week; but his plans are changed. He stays here. And Lieutenant Nelson obtained short leave and went up from Plymouth to town yesterdy, presumably again to sound Mrs. Klenon's family, as he did before. But"—with a smile—"you have certainly no competition to dread, Mr. Pardy, from such as they, for they show their hands most plainly."

"What does that signify?" queried Norman, in an unwonted excitement that almost seemed like candor. "Miss Glenorris is not a criminal, and, if her address can be lighted upon, it signifies little who first lights upon it. It is for her sake I undertake it. None of these men, or women," with a slight, slow sneer, "have my experience; and so I know her exile will be shortened by my acting for her. Besides that, I am the only one who can take her back to Merlswood."

"I understand," said the detective calmly. "It is not of course possible that this young lady can outwit us."

"Have you no further items of information for me?"

"One or two, Mr. Pardy; but they are mere trifles. Lady Vickery has taken Miss Glenorris's maid into her service, composedly announcing that she does so until Miss Glenorris's return. Miss Klenon has been down from town and had an interview with Miss Beton; but it was soon over, and she caught the next train. She looked ill and bothered; but I understand she generally used to look so before Miss Glenorris came to reside here.

"It struck me, Mr. Pardy, when I heard, of course I hear everything, my province being to hear, of Miss Glenorris being in Scotland when she came into possession of this property, that it might be advisable for you to send me to make inquiries in that part of Perthshire where she was staying. She may have had friends there to whom she would go on leaving here."

"No," said Norman, pleasantly withholding from this man the circumstance of his having at once sent a capable man to make all inquiries in the village he meant, and that no success had followed. "You stay here and keep watch; that is all there is to do, for I cannot myself be always on the spot."

"Yes, I think you are right" in a tone of thorough comprehension and acquiescence. "You take possession of Merlswood to-day, Mr. Pardy?"

"Yes."

"I may offer my congratulations, I hope. I had the honor of being admitted to see Mrs. Pardy yesterday, and I tendered them to her also. I told her that, being troubled with neuralgia in the eyeballs, I had come down here for sea-air, and I had great pleasure in assuring her that your very kind and courteous manner had tempted me into taking the liberty of calling at Ashgrove."

Norman had made a halt now, just before the road turned to bring them in sight of the windows of Ashgrove, and his companion stood in a willingly indolent manner, for he knew this to be an unspoken dismissal.

"Next time you see her," Mr. Pardy said pleasantly, "it will be at Merlswood. Tell your wife that for the sake of your neuralgia you should stay here at present. She need not mind Miss Klenon or any one in London, but devote herself to you and to Rose Cottage. Good day to you."

As Norman crossed the lawn at Ashgrove the gorgeous yellow chariot was already drawn up before the house, and, after a glance up at his mother's windows, a smiling glance, though no one was there, he stopped to arrange the cushions and try the windows with care and thoughtfulness before going in, strong and ready to carry his mother down and place her comfortably within it.

Her maid, an elderly woman, who was a trained nurse, was waiting in the hall, and he spoke to her in his calm way.

"Your mistress ready, Mary?"

"Yes, Sir; she was ready half an hour ago; then she sent me to make my preparations for the drive, and said she would not be disturbed till you came."

"Of course she expected me by this very train?"

"Indeed, yes, Mr. Norman. She's been almost counting the minutes. I wasn't to go back to her till you had arrived, she said; and, while I got ready, she would read a book."

"As a rest," supplemented Norman, smiling as he recalled the familiar picture of his mother with her Bible on the reading-desk of her couch or chair, and the rapt peaceful look on her pale face.

"Not quite as a rest, sir. I had reminded her of a letter that came with yours this morning, and that she had put aside. She never reads any letters with yours, Mr. Norman," explained the maid, who had known Mr. Norman from a schoolboy. "So as she was all ready, and feeling so well, she said she would read that while I put on my bonnet and things."

Stepping lightly up two stairs at a time, Norman went to his mother's rooms and tapped on the outer door, amused, as ever, by the ceremony, while he recalled how often she had told him, with her own tender smile, that she was jealous of any moment's pause he made on his way to her.

"Mrs. Pardy, where is the invitation to enter accorded usually with such promptitude to your dutiful and punctual son?" he asked, with a laugh, when he had opened the door.

Then he paused, his breast swelling with a new delight, for, though she reclined with her back to him, he saw her looking once more as other women looked, cloaked and bonneted as he had not seen her for weary years, ready to leave, in his arms, the two rooms that had been her world so long, and to enter with him the beautiful home that he had to give her.

"Oh, mother," he cried, his voice a little broken in this new emotion, "how glad I am to see you so! This is the first real joy that my new fortune has given me!"

He had come up to the great invalid-chair and had bent to kiss her cheek, when something, he scarcely knew what, took his eyes straight with a startled glance to an open letter which lay in her lap under one frail white hand. And he read in one gasping breath, as it seemed, the words that faced him—

"—how it was your son that managed our disappearance just at that very important time, and paid us to be out of the way at the second inquest; and he told me exactly how to send that telegraph message to the coroner, and he wrote it himself, just as he had bribed my husband to say what he did at the first inquest, and to alter just little things that didn't matter, and yet made the whole thing different. I'm not going to tell of his bribery to any one else; but I don't see why you shouldn't know it was your son, for he's made me know things bad enough about my poor husband."

"Never mind her spiteful words, mother, never mind this woman!" Norman said, softly pressing his lips to the slender motionless hand upon the letter. "It is a story of course! You would not believe such a creature against your son? Mother," he still had not raised his eyes to reach her face, but kept them on the hand he had kissed—"nothing—you have said it often—nothing would take your love from me! It—it hasn't gone from me, mother?"

He had seized now the white unanswering fingers in a grip so tight and convulsive that it would have hurt them if any touch could have hurt them more.

"Mother, speak to me!"

But when he turned his eyes slowly to hers, he saw—through terribly slow-gathering, hard-wrung tears—that only in that world whose light was even now open upon her face could she ever speak to him again.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

IT was growing dusk on that October afternoon when Joy Glenorris, utterly wearied, yet borne up by her passionate excitement, reached Ravenstor. The old cobourg had been adjusted in the coach-house for a long winter's sleep; Bet's shoes has been removed and stowed away safely for a future occasion.

Mr. Hollebone Chick, before the meagre fire in the kitchen, was refreshing the inner man with a deliberation and c re which he never wasted on the outer, and, while his two admiring sisters supplied their own wants in a spasmodic manner, they watchfully ministered to his.

"I have come to tell you," Joy was standin just within the great bleak kitchen, her beautiful face flushed, her eyes luminous in their angry excitement, unconscious of the marvellous dignity which silenced even those three boors—"that I gave you leave to stay here so long only as your father lived, and that therefore now you are to go."

There were long moments of utter silence in the room, the sisters and brother looking at her in a stupid amusement, which gradually grew sullen and malignant; but she did not see it.

There had risen, like a scene before her, the day she had first entered that dreary kitchen, when they had ridiculed her warning that they might find Miss Glenorris a very determined person, and had called her to her own agent "that new Glenorris woman" and she remembered that, though she had accorded them permission to stay in her house for their father's lifetime, they had never sent her a line or word of gratitude.

This memory rushed back to her while she stood looking at, but scarcely seeing them, they never guessing how the young frame trembled as she extended one hand in an unconscious way most sadly pathetic.

"Of the cunning way in which you have deceived me I am not going to speak; it would humiliate me in my own eyes. I shall only say I will not have you under the same roof with me any longer. I suppose you cannot go to-day; but before to-morrow evening you must have left my house. If you have not"—ah, who could guess the tremor of fear lest they might wait and make her prove these bravely-sounding words?—"I shall have to telegraph for Mr. Johnson and assistants to see that it is done. I think you will scarcely choose to bring that upon yourselves."

"What? You're going to stay here by yourself?" shrieked Miss Chick getting her breath at last.

"You?"

"I," said the girl steadily.

"Alone?"—with a shrill titter.

"No—not alone. I can easily get a woman from a cottage not far off to come till I send for others from home. In any case, within four-and-twenty hours at most you must all have left."

"Oh, come, I like that! And I think I see us at it!" remarked Mr. Chick, in a bullying tone, which won no reply, unless he saw one in the spirted flash of the beautiful eyes which had always, as he said, bothered him.

"And where; pray, are we to go?" snapped Brunhilda, guessing, of course, nothing of the terrified throbbing at the girl's heart while she seemed so calm.

"With that I have nothing to do," she answered, with a brevity which was quite gentle.

"You won't stay here yourself—I know that!" snarled Hollebone, for the first time rising, and then facing her with an insulting stare.

But again she answered him only by one courageous glance of the eyes whose very brilliance would have betrayed their sorrowful timidity to any one who loved her.

"You'd try hard enough to get us back if we did go," he continued, pretending it was indifference that made him contemplate the smoky ceiling.

"But we sha'n't go!"

This muttered threat from Christiana Joy heard as she moved to leave the kitchen; and instantly she turned, and, looking at each one, spoke with an authority and decision unmistakable even to them.

"You will go to-morrow—as I said. But, if you do not, Mr. Johnson will dismiss you so publicly and ignominiously that you will be sorry you did not go quietly and at once as I command."

She waited to utter the last word firmly; then—followed by a malicious laugh—she went away with a natural simple dignity which hid the miserable fluttering of her heart.

And no one ever knew how childishly she cried in the dreary solitude of her unfamiliar bed-room.

She was abruptly aroused by a noisy knocking upon her door, and, too proud to pretend not to hear, she unfastened very slowly, and waited in silence for Miss Chick to speak.

"We're going now," she blurted out very roughly. "We're going; and you can spend to-night there alone by yourself, as you seem so anxious to. And, if"—with a derisive spasm that seemed to be intended for a hearty laugh—"you're alive to-morrow, I shall be very glad to hear how you enjoyed it."

It was apparent even to Joy that Miss Chick had intended by this information to startle her into some new decision, for, in the quietness which followed her indifferent reception of it, Miss Chick looked as if she had been struck.

"Well?" she queried incredulously. "You hear, do you? As you don't let us stay for our pleasure, we won't stay for yours. We're going," she continued, her reasoning somewhat confused in her wrath, "at once. Get a woman, if you can; but you'll not find it so easy, I can tell you. None off the moor would come here to face that ghost of the murdered woman. Don't you suppose we know what an ill place it is? Nobody'd ever have stayed here but ourselves. Nobody'll come to you. And it'll kill ye to stay by yourself, that's a sure thing!"

Even in the woman's most significant pause Joy still kept silence, Christiana trying in vain to read the still and pale young face.

"You'll alter your mind of course?" she asked jeeringly. "If we are to go at all we will go right now; so you must decide."

"I have decided," the girl said steadily. "Nothing you say influences me at all, for I meant exactly what I said about your going away."

"Then we're going now," announced Miss Chick, as she walked away. "We'll send for our things when we feel like it, and I wish you joy of such a night as you will spend."

"Look here!" shouted Hollebone from the staircase, where he had been standing to listen. "Tell her you'll go up at the last

minute, when we're ready to go, that she may lock herself in with the ghosts and look out those that would willingly help her."

They evidently relied upon their supposition that, when the girl should feel it had come to the reality of the last minute, her courage would fail her in allowing them to go, for, when Brunhilda came with a triumphant air and declared that this last minute had arrived, and Joy only said coldly, "Then I will come down and lock the door behind you," her expression of blank bewilderment revealed the fact that this was but an experiment.

They had evidently built much on its result, for they were far from ready to go; and, when they had its utter failure forced on their notice, and knew beyond a doubt that Miss Glenorris was in earnest, they departed with their final preparations oddly incomplete.

When they had left the house, Joy locked the door, and then moved about the kitchen bravely disregarding the grim solitude of the empty house. But she had to speak aloud to herself, in the pathetic effort that she made to defy her growing fear.

"I am very glad they are gone! I will forget their very existence. Now I can breathe freely. To have lost their presence is real happiness. I must not think of other things. I must decide what to do—presently."

She was fully persuaded that only in a paroxysm of resentment had the Chicks determined on this method of retaliation, and that probably, when they had given her what they considered sufficient time to become abject in her terror, they would return, in the certainty of being gratefully allowed to continue at the farm.

The girl resolved that their attempt to terrify her into recalling her dismissal of them should fail; and in this resolve she bore up with a bravery of which no one ever would have guessed, but for her own unconscious repetition of that night's great agony.

For her surmise had only skimmed the truth, the heartless depths of which she had not fathomed.

She flitted about the kitchen, preparing lights, and wondering whether she ought not to prepare a meal too after her long fast trying to keep her thoughts fixed only on what she did, and to appreciate her freedom.

But, in spite of her strenuous efforts, the awful loneliness enfolded her. Wistfully she took up in her arms a gaunt and superannuated cat that lurked in the gloom on the outskirts of the kitchen; but, as it was unaccustomed to anything more familiar than a kick, its worst suspicions were aroused by the caressing touch, and it hissed so ominously that she dropped it; but she dropped it very gently, and upon the warmest spot of the great stone hearth, as if to encourage it to make itself a home there and be sociable.

"Is there any house in all the world so lonely as this?" she thought. "Why was it built? Who could choose it? Who could ever pretend they liked to live here? Oh, yes"—as she remembered that Mr. Glenorris secured it because his son was fond of the moor and was made better and stronger by the moorland air. "And even I once thought it delicious, life-giving! But why should I like it because it is life-giving? Life is not so very——"

She shook back her head with a little smile, for only a thought had filled in the gap.

"It is not as if one could just fold one's hands and wish it, and die. It is so different. I wonder whether tea would do me good? Perhaps the getting it wou'd, and the washing the cup afterwards, and—any task."

"The voice of the dead was a living voice to me."

The involuntary song—still to the clear tenor notes—brought a hot flame to her face, even in that utter solitude which surrounded her, and she actually started; then she stood still, pushing the thick beautiful hair all away from her forehead.

"I wonder," she said, still courageously fighting against her loneliness, "whether my own room will feel more cheerful? I will go and see."

She took no candle in her hand, for the hall and staircase windows were neither shuttered nor curtained, and she knew there would be light enough.

She found that the fire in her own room must have been extinguished directly she had left the house that morning, for the grate was empty and the cold cinders were spread within the fender; so, with a shiver, she went back, preferring, whatever the room was, to be near the only fire the house contained.

On her way, she paused at the tall uncurtained window on the staircase, looking out into the beauty of the starry sky, no cloud on all its tender blue, save one dainty filmy veil before the crescent moon.

"What is it that life hides as sunlight hides the stars?" she mused. "What is it? None tell us; they only ask. I suppose I ought to know, to feel, at least; but I cannot. Oh, if one of our lost ones might come back to us just for one moment! If we might but know!"

The longing thought brought back to her what Gerveys had said on that moonlit night when, though she did not know it, her heart had been so filled with misgivings; and the very memory of his voice as he said it brought even then a great rush of hopefulness into her heart.

"God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world."

"I remember that," she said, the tear-dimmed eyes raised far above the ghostly trees and the eerie ruins on the great Tor, "'God's in His heaven,' he said. Even then, when I was such a hypocrite, he never thought that I could be mean enough to be afraid after he had reminded me of that.

"He always thought the best of me; and I should like him to have better cause. He would be very sorry for me if he knew; but he never will know. Still I will try very hard to bear it, as if he had not gone out of my life."

Her step was almost a run as she returned to the kitchen and stirred the fire, hanging over it an enormous black kettle, which she was obliged nearly to empty before she could lift it.

"I will have some tea first, if I can find any, and then be very busy; and then I can plan the future as best I may. I can always live here"—a faintly-outlined project rising mistily on the stairs, was taking shape—"for the farm is mine for a good many years, and I may not live longer; mother was not very old when she died—oh, mother, mother, mother!—and father only a boy, as she often told me—not twenty one; and I shall be twenty-one in only two months. I wonder who will remember those great plans we made so merrily at the Knoll for keeping the day I became of age? No!" And again she repulsed all thought, as she went from the dresser to the cupboard, and cupboard to table, in the silent kitchen, making each trifling task important, and trying not to see the two yellow-green eyes of the cat, which preserved its shadowy position, furtively and suspiciously watching this new denizen of the kitchen. "I should think enough grows here to feed me; in any case, I must need no more than it provides, or—make it provide all I need. How I laughed once when he told me he must make his farm pay! I would give all I own in the world to hear his laugh once more—just once. I think"—again shaking her head to dismiss the thought—"I can live here; I have plenty of clothes. I have jewels too, I remember; but, though of such value, they are of no use to me. I have health and strength and youth—oh, so many things. I will get help to-morrow—some one cheerful. It is well to be busy. Waiting—with nothing to do but wait—is such a sad affliction."

To make herself busy she was poking the fire under the huge depressing kettle, when, with dreadful suddenness, there rang through the bleak kitchen, straight from the desolate Tor opposite, a wild unearthly cry.

The girl stood transfixed, her hands upon her heart, which seemed to have grown still and icy cold, her eyes strained far, as it were, beyond the walls, recoiling before the nameless horror which had reached her, while only one word escaped her parted lips, the Almighty name that rises from our hearts in our moments of supreme awe.

Slowly, very slowly—for the shock had left her faint and dazed—a wan smile struggled to her pallid lips, for she began to understand. This was a cruel, heartless jest to terrify her into leaving the farm, or into desiring the return to it of her late companions. Yes, she understood; and she knew not for what she must be prepared. Had they not told her the cry was heard from the desolate Tor before the coming of the spirit of the murdered woman? She remembered exactly the ghastly tale with which they tried to account for their own unghostly steps and voices in the night, and with which they had once before tried to alarm her into leaving the house. So she stood with her eyes fixed on the unused door that led to untrodden garden ground, expecting a small, pale, quiet form to glide in, speak softly of her mistaken way, and then turn away direct for the river and the overshadowing Tor.

She wondered, in a confused way, which of the Chicks could personate the little fragile woman—they being so different! But she never doubted that the inhuman jest was to be carried out.

Suddenly a curious impulse moved her. She went to this never-opened door, and, without noticing it was not locked, threw it wide open. She thought that perhaps, if they saw she was not afraid, they would give up the joke, having no more to expect from the pitiless ordeal they had made her undergo, and willing to pause before they need reveal themselves. Hoping this might be so, she stood in the doorway, through which the lights shone out upon the pathless plot of garden-ground, and listened for a voice or a step—listened intently, for she felt it would be subdued or muffled. But none came; and, after a full minute, she drew back and closed the door again.

She had scarcely done so, and pausing in doubt whether she should at once look it, when she heard the fumbling at the latch for which she had just before thought herself prepared. But she was not prepared; for, when she saw how feebly it was stirred, she knew this was not the touch of any of those hands she had expected; and her eyes dilated as she moved unsteadily backwards from the door. Breathlessly, though in a dazed incredulous way, she watched until the door was slowly opened, and through it came the figure she had, through those long moments, felt she must now encounter—the small, noiseless, supernatural figure in long black cloak and shrouding veil—no form that any of the Chicks could assume. Yet she did not cry out—only raised her hands to her aching head, and watched the dark form follow her.

Then the woman threw back the heavy dark cloak and concealing veil and stared wildly at her.

Joy's sudden cry sounded oddly as it echoed in the great kitchen; it was so prompt in its relief, so sad in its foreboding.

"Jessie! Oh, Jessie!"

"Ravenstor—Dartmoor?" inquired Jessie, in an eager interrogatory whisper which told she must have found her way by constant unwearied questioning. "You wrote it. Ravenstor—Dartmoor? Is it? Here's the book. I've brought it to you."

"Yes, yes!" cried Joy, putting kind arms around the exhausted little form, and kissing again and again the sallow face. "Oh, Jessie, are you ill? Are you—so ill—my dear?"

"Ill?" repeated Jessie, in that acute whisper which so terribly belongs to the insane. "No—not ill! I've something to do—something to tell you—something to—— Was it you who screamed from that awful mountain?"

"No," said Joy, her fingers touching pitifully the strained feverish eyes, as if to soothe them into closing. "Some people did it to frighten me. Never mind them. Oh, never mind them, my dear!"

"I don't," said Jessie, with a wild stare around the kitchen. "They can't come here; and we can die now—you and I—as Agatha died. It is far better than hearing them say we are—mad!"

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

JESSIE'S wild glance wandered around the comfortless kitchen, searching every corner, while Joy put her arm around the poor mad girl, and kissed her in the tenderest compassion.

"We won't stay here," she said. "You must come and rest."

Talking the while in the easiest manner, as it seemed, she took a candle and led her visitor up the gloomy staircase, Jessie's gaze still wildly roving and Joy's fixed anxiously and tenderly on the small wan face. Avoiding her lonely sitting-room, with its cold cinders spread within the fender, she passed on to her bed-room, where she always had a fire laid, that at any minute in the day or night she might, if she chose, have its friendly companionship. She put Jessie to rest upon the old-fashioned sofa in front of the fireplace, and then lighted the fire, kneeling, and chatting the while cheerfully, as if this task were a most familiar one to her. Jessie sat upright on the wide couch, staring at her without speaking, and twisting her fingers together in a restless absorbed way. When the wood began to blaze and crackle, Joy, still on her knees, leaned back against the sofa, and smiled up into the staring eyes that came slowly from the leaping flame to meet hers.

"Jessie, did you ever know a woman who couldn't light a fire, and didn't enjoy doing it too? Now you are to get a thorough rest, dear. I will bring you up some—some—I don't of anything there is but tea; and then you will go to bed. And tomorrow you will be quite refreshed and strong, and we will be—festive."

"Yes," said Jessie absently. "And how long will the house take to burn?"

"A long time," Joy returned, too readily to allow herself time for fear. "I will tell you all about it while you have your tea—when I come back. I wish I had a piano, Jessie; I should like you to play to me."

"Yes," said Jessie, moving her vacant gaze slowly around the walls. "I brought the book. They said it was a long way; but it wasn't. I'm not tired. I can play. I brought the book."

"Tea first," said Joy lightly, as she rose to her feet. "Then you show me the book."

"No, no!" cried Jessie, with a sudden, almost savage clutch upon something in her breast. "Not till Agatha is safe! Is"—in her high acute whisper, and with a wildly pathetic gaze into her companion's lovely eyes—"Agatha safe?"

"Yes," said Joy as she stroked the soft hair, even now so smooth, "Agatha is safe."

"Then you are to have the book," she said, but still kept her clenched hand upon what she had within the bosom of her dress.

"Now for the tea," smiled Joy, as easily as if nothing of deeper import had been mentioned between them. And then she went down to the kitchen again, not feeling the old loneliness, though her companion in the house was but this poor irresponsible girl.

The water still boiled in the great kettle hanging over the fire; so Joy soon had her tray ready. She made the little meal as appetizing as possible, thinking she would have difficulty in tempting Jessie to take it; but, contrary to her expectations, the girl ate hungrily, speaking no word the while, but now and then turning her solemn gaze to encounter Joy's pleased smile. When the meal was over, Joy went away with the tray, that she might make all down-stairs secure for the night. On her return, instead of finding Jessie still resting—or, as she had hoped to find her, preparing for the night—she discovered the girl crouching down in one corner of the hearth, staring fixedly at the burning coals, with a new look, a strange dreamy sane look, which made Joy's heart beat sadly.

"So strange! It was all of it so strange," she said, holding tightly in her strained thin hands the little Testament in which she had made Joy Glenorris write on her last visit to Lockwood. "Why was it? Others were not so. Others were happy—and young—and loved—and healthy. Not always perhaps, but sometimes—sometimes; she never was! Others laughed—sometimes; she never did! Others sang; she never did! Yet to have heard her long ago—long ago, when she was glad to be pretty—and to be happy—and to be well! Why did everything go from her—except sorrow? Why had she no friends—no pleasures—no love—no health? Why did nothing ever come to her—except suffering? Can you imagine it? No; why should you? She used to say that pain of mind was worse than pain of body. But she had both to suffer—both! She had everything to suffer! Why was nothing given to her—except suffering? I wondered, and wondered, and wondered. It didn't matter for me, for I had her. It was different for her. I was nothing for her to have. How could I satisfy her? I had none of her gifts. I couldn't make her happy or healthy! I! What was I to fill her life? I!"

The girl's sudden silence was broken sharply.

"He could have done it! He had done it once; but he took it all away from her. Can you imagine it? No; why should you? He killed her on the cliffs—one day! She said to me—afterwards—that not many knew, as she did, what it felt like to—have been murdered. And there was other—such awful suffering! Can you imagine it? A mortal suffering, she knew it was. She knew! Oh, Agatha, Agatha, my own dear!"

The girl's cry came with such startling anguish in the midst of the dreary, measured tones that it might have been uttered by someone else; but, when Joy moved towards her, she shrank back against the wall.

"A mortal suffering! Yes, she knew. And I promised—oh, so long ago—was it, or yesterday? Twice she underwent it—twice! And she said, if it must be again, I was to—prevent it; and I promised. For her sake, she said; and of course—for that—I promised. Can you imagine it? No: why should you? It came again, slowly, surely, and I—had promised. All had been suffered in vain. She knew it would always be in vain. She told me, and so I kept my promise. She knew I would. The world would never know, she said, and I should do good—not harm. Not harm—such good, she said. And I swore—on this. I wrote it here, she teaching me, and I swore—sacredly. You'll see! She wanted sleep, she said. She must have a long sleep—she said. I understood, for I longed for it too. She said mine would come—afterwards. But mine is wakefulness. No sleep, no sleep!"

"Jessie," said Joy very tenderly, "shall we try to sleep now, you and I? Shall I read you to sleep, dear?"—laying a gentle hand on the Testament the girl held.

"No, no!" cried Jessie, her breast heaving as she tightened her grasp on the faded red book, snatching it to her and replacing it in her dress. "No, no!"—staring before her with a blank horror that made Joy's pulses quicken, though she spoke all the more calmly for the strong restraint she put upon herself—

"If you will lie down, Jessie, I will sing to you."

"Sing to me? Yes," said Jessie, in a rapid acute whisper. "Sing!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TRUE TO HIS DUTY.—Gerhardt was a German shepherd boy, and a noble fellow he was, too, although he was very, very poor.

One day as he was watching his flock, which was feeding in the valley on the borders of a forest, a hunter came out of the woods and asked, "How far is it to the nearest village?"

"Six miles, sir," replied the boy; "but the road is only a sheep track, and very easily missed."

The hunter glanced at the crooked track and then said, "My lad, I am hungry, tired, and thirsty. I have lost my companions and missed my way. Leave your sheep and show me the road. I will pay you well."

"I cannot go, sir," replied Gerhardt, very firmly. "My master pays me for my time, and he trusts me with his sheep. If I were to sell you my time, which does not belong to me, and the sheep should get lost, it would be just the same as if I stole them."

"Well," said the hunter, "will you trust your sheep with me while you go to the village and get some food and drink and a guide? I will take good care of your sheep."

"I cannot leave my sheep, sir. They would stray into the forest, and be eaten by wolves or stolen by robbers."

"Well, what of that?" queried the hunter. "They are not your sheep. The loss of one or more would not be much to your master; and I'll give you more money than you ever earned before in a whole year."

The boy shook his head.

"The sheep do not know your voice, and—"

"And what? Can't you trust me? Do I look like a dishonest man?" inquired the hunter, rather angrily.

"Sir," said the boy, slowly, "you tried to make me false to my trust, and wanted me to break my word to my master. How do I know you would keep your word to me?"

The hunter laughed, for he felt that the boy had fairly cornered him.

"I see, my lad, that you are a good, faithful boy. I will not forget. Show me the road, and I will try to make it out for myself."

Gerhardt now offered the humble contents of his scrip to the hungry man who, coarse as they were, ate them gladly.

Presently his attendants came up, and then Gerhardt, to his surprise, found that the hunter was the Grand Duke, who owned all the country round. The Duke was so pleased with the boy's honesty that he sent for him shortly after and had him educated. In after years Gerhardt became a very rich and powerful man: but he remained honest and true to his dying day.

### FLOWER AND WEED.

BY WILLIAM MACKINTOSH.

When, spreading near the flowret sweet, we see
The easy-growing and unwelcome weed,
It may appear that Heaven's laws decree
It well shall serve some worthy end and need.

God willed, perhaps, it should unseemly lie:
For save He all things comely form on earth,
Then would we less for Nature's glories pry,
Nor note so clear her splendors and her worth.

So He may bid the scentless wild weed rise,
That man may more the gentle flower discern
In varied perfumes drest—in modest dyes—
And from its bosom life's true value learn.

# DOUBLE CUNNING.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

## CHAPTER LIX—(CONTINUED.)

HE crossed to the washstand, drank some water with avidity, and then, pulling himself together, he felt clearer, and read the paper, letting it fall directly after with a look of blank disappointment in his face.

The hieroglyphics were as follows:—

| | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|
| Mar. 3.—M. 6⅜. . . | 5 | 7½ |
| „ 6.—Stk. 3¼. . . | 3 | 3 |
| „ 9.—Chps. . . . | 1 | 7 |
| „ 12.—2 Kid. . . . | 0 | 8 |

A butcher's memorandum where he had hoped for instructions and promises of help. But he felt that he must destroy that paper, tearing it into tiny bits and letting them blow away from the sill.

With this intention he picked it up and uttered a joyful cry. There was something on the other side, and, with the paper quivering in his hands, he read words prompted by a curious feeling of jealousy more than by a desire to help a fellow-creature, whom the writer wished to see far away on account of some one's sympathetic leanings interfering with the progress of his suit—

"I'm game to help you enny nite you can get oute. I shal smok my pip outside reglar."

"Heaven bless him!" cried Range. "Hurrah! At last! Now, you gang of scoundrels my time has come! Thank God! thank God! —at last—at last!"

He threw up his arms in the frantic joy that possessed him, and then, in the thankfulness of his heart, clasped his hands, sank upon his knees by his bedside, and his lips moved silently.

For a moment or two only. The lowering diet, and the mental anguish he had suffered, had told upon him terribly. He had felt the shadow envelop him time after time, and shrunk from it—from the shadow of a benighted reason into sunshine of an unclouded brain.

He had fought against it whenever the horrible dread had approached, knowing that if he did not the solitary life he led would at last result in semi-idiocy, if not in raving madness.

All this he had fought off, telling himself that he would yet find the means of getting free and winning in this desperate fight.

And now at last the opportunity seemed to have come: that little file was the key that would unlock his prison and set him free—to give him that priceless boon whose value he had never before known.

"At last, at last!" he had cried, as he knelt to pour forth his thanks, and find that the long struggle had been too much—more than he could bear.

For, as he knelt, the strange swimming sensation once more attacked him; he felt that his senses were going; but in his agony of mind he started to his feet, clutched vainly at the air, reeled, and then fell heavily, the file dropping from his nerveless fingers with a loud tinkle on the floor.

The shock was sufficiently loud to be heard in the comfortable room where Sarah Pannell was reading a novel, Mewburn the paper, and Pannell and Sheldrake were engaged over a game at cards, which the latter dropped and rose at once to move towards the door.

## CHAPTER LX.

RANGE THINKS IT OVER.

HOW long Range lay he did not know, but when at last he began to recover consciousness there was a deathly feeling of sickness oppressing him, and a vague knowledge that something was wrong, he did not know what, only that he was lying on the floor.

There was a sound, though, of some one coming. The doors were being unfastened; and then, as if through a haze, he saw Sheldrake and the others enter.

Just at that moment his memory flashed and he recalled everything, and that he had had the file—the very key to his prison—in his hands when the fainting fit came on.

Drawing himself up a little, his eyes fell upon it lying very close to the bed, and with one hurried thrust of the foot he sent it farther beneath as he tried to struggle up.

Then Pannell had him by the arms, and lifted him right on to the bed.

"You have overdone it. Poor beggar!" he growled aloud. "I knew you'd go too far."

"Hold your big tongue!" said Sheldrake, fiercely. "How do you know it isn't a sham?"

"By this," said Pannell, laying his broad hand upon Range's forehead. "Feel his hands."

Sheldrake took one of the clammy hands and let it fall.

"Overdone, doctor," he said very quietly. "Go and get a little good brandy or some wine."

Mewburn was about to object, but Sheldrake gave him so sharp a glance that he said, quickly—

"Oh, very well! As you please;" and he left the room.

"How are you now?" said Pannell. "Here take a drop of this."

He filled and held a clear glass of water to Range's lips, and the largest portion was drunk.

"There, you are better now, eh?" said Sheldrake.

"Yes; I'm better now," was the faint reply.

"What was it?—what was the matter?"

"What was the matter!" cried Range, with an indignant flash of the eye; and the words "You have half starved me" were on his lips, but he remembered the file, and that his policy was not to quarrel with these men now, but to get them away from the room. "Oh nothing," he said. "A little faint. I am better now."

Just then Mewburn entered with a glass of wine, which Pannell caught from his hand, tasted, and held to Range, who drank it at once, feeling that if ever he wanted his strength it was now.

Then he let his head rest upon the pillow again, and lay watching his gaolers, wondering whether they would catch sight of the file where it lay beneath the firm old bed.

They did not leave the room at once, but retired to the window, talking earnestly, so that he could not hear them; but Mewburn was protesting, and Sheldrake throwing in a word from time to time, while Pannell was silent.

All at once something that had been said roused the latter, for he brought down his great fist with a big thump in his left hand.

"Look here," he cried, aloud, "I'm with you, mate to mate; but if you think because I'm so quiet I'm a child, you're quite out of it."

"Nobody treats you as a child, Jack," protested Mewburn.

"Yes, they do—you do!" said the other, fiercely, for he was quite roused. "And now I'm going to have my say. Let's get what we want, and I'll wait for it with you if it's for years, but I'll not"—he cried, with an oath—"stand by and see that poor fellow murdered!"

"Who's going to murder him, Jack? Don't be a dunce!" cried Sheldrake, trying to pacify him.

"You are, by letting Nathan there work his will, and all as much out of spite as anything. Hasn't the poor beggar kicked me and knocked me about as much as either of you? Yes, twice as much, but I don't go kicking him for it again when he's down."

"Oh! I protest," said Mewburn very slowly.

"Yes, you may protest, but you have, and Shell here has let you, and all because he gave you a kick one day. Why, of course he did! So would any fellow in his position."

"Yes, yes! of course," said Sheldrake, hastily.

"Now, just listen to me," said Pannell. "I'm not going to run back from what I undertook. I'm with you both to the end of it, and I shall take my share like a man; but I would not stand by and see that poor fellow treated like a dog with no master, so there!"

"Come along down," said Sheldrake, who then crossed to Range. "How are you now?" he said.

"Weak and faint for want of proper food," was the reply.

"Then why not give in, man? Come, you won't miss it. Write what I want you. It's as well to settle it all off now in a friendly way. You see now you can't help yourself. You won't tire us out, for we can wait years for it, and it's worth waiting for. So, come, make up your mind to the dose and take it. You've shown splendid pluck, and now you might give in. There, I won't bother you now. I'm going to use my influence with the doctor, and you shall have generous diet. You're not going to faint again?"

"No, I'm better now."

"And you'll think it over?"

"Yes."

"That's right. Come along down, doctor. You and I must have a chat about my poor brother. Come along, Goliath the indignant," he added, good-humoredly. "Come and help coax the doctor to give our patient generous food."

He led the way to the door, and Pannell, who was last, turned to give Range a friendly nod, receiving a grateful look in return; and as the door closed the prisoner said to himself—

"What a fine, honest man Jack Pannell would have made!"

He lay listening till the footsteps were gone, and was about then to rise and secure the file, his heart beating with his eagerness, but the feeling of suspicion came over him.

Suppose one of the party were behind that panel ready to watch him. The file was too valuable to be risked.

He lay thinking for a few minutes, and then, smiling to himself, he rose from the bed and went across the room, and, holding on by one of the bars, began to tap the window in a peculiar way.

"Mewburn is watching me," he said to himself as he heard the faintest of creaks behind him, and felt sure that it was the panel being opened softly.

He did not move from his position, but continued the tapping, making it take the measure of a tune, which he began to whistle softly till he heard that faint creak again that told of the panel being closed. It was not until half an hour had passed that he ventured to bend down and secure his treasure in his breast, so deftly that a watcher would not have detected the movement.

Hardly had he done so when Pannell appeared with Jane, bearing a good meal upon a tray, which was left, the great fellow giving him a quiet nod as he backed out after the girl.

"Now then for strength and vigor," said Range to himself. "I ought to wait and recoup myself for a few days; but no! they will be at me again to-morrow, and by then, with ordinary luck, I shall be in safety. Now for a rope to get down as soon as the bar is cut through; and then it will go very hard if I do not cross that wall.

"But the dogs?"

## CHAPTER LXI.

LADY FANSHAW'S PRAYER.

LADY FANSHAW did not seem to have recovered from her attack, which, Doctor Murray said, was a form of brain disease due to spinal weakness, for she was low and distraite, keeping to her room a great deal, and it was settled that, as soon as she was a little stronger, a migration should take place, and that the party from Helmthrope should visit Hyeres for a few months so that the treacherous spring months might be avoided, and that she might be brought back quite strong for the summer.

"No opposition!" cried Sir Harry, playfully. "I shall play the tyrant here. It will quite set you up, and I must have you well. George, too, looks haggard and worn; it will do him good—clear away the remains of that nasty fever he has hanging about him."

Sir Robert was present when these words were said, and he left the room quietly, and went down the long shrubbery to swear.

"Poor Harry," he said, after he had delivered himself of some very bad language, of a type more resembling that used by a drill sergeant than a general, though history says strange things—unwritten history—about some of our great leaders in the art of war.

"I don't know what to do with him. Let the enemy exhaust himself," said Sir Robert. "Alice hates the sight of him, and some day he'll complain to Harry, and the fellow will go off with a flea in his ear.

"Yes, that must be it. I can't speak to Harry. I am his brother and a visitor. I could speak as his brother, but if I did he would never forgive me. Yes, he would, dear old boy; but it would half kill him. I could speak as a visitor, but—ah, there! it will bring on my gout if I get worrying about all this.

"The matter must settle itself. Why the deuce did not Range stop and make sure of my Judy! Oh, hang it! everything's in a horrible tangle. I must go and have my pipe."

Alice Fanshaw was too feeble to make much opposition; in fact, she was so weak that she passed most of her time upon the couch, read to by either Sir Harry or Judith, so it was settled that all were to go soon.

Luggage was packed and every other preparation made, while, contrary to Sir Robert's hope, Carleigh expressed himself willing to go.

"It's a sort of defiance," Sir Robert said; "but never mind; give them enough, and the troubles settle themselves, eh, Judy?"

"What did you say, uncle?"

"I say about the notion of this going abroad. I'm comfortable enough where I am, but I suppose we must go."

"Yes, uncle, of course. It will do Alice so much good."

"And George Carleigh too, I suppose?"

Judith started slightly, and Sir Robert noticed it, but he only said to himself again—

"Troubles settle themselves, and I should not wonder if Range comes back and marries Judy, after all."

"I've ordered the carriage for ten to-morrow morning, Bob," said Sir Harry, at dinner that night. "That will give us ample time to get to town easily, and we can have a good rest and take the tidal train next day. I did hope that Alice would have been down to-night, but she stopped in her room to write a few letters before starting, and begged so hard to have her dinner sent up that I had to give way."

Josephs was holding a plate and Sir Harry carving, when there was a quick rap at the door, and Sir Harry let fall the carvers as Milly rushed in excitedly.

"Oh, Sir Harry! My lady!" she cried aloud.

Sir Harry rushed to the door, overturning his chair as he rose, and Judith followed him, to run with him upstairs, the girl's broken words telling how her ladyship had been seized again just as she was before.

It was a repetition of the former attack. Lady Fanshaw had been writing a few letters of farewell to her friends, and she had fallen from her chair upon the carpet.

Once more there was the hurrying for assistance, Carleigh galloping off, to return with the doctor.

"Quite out of the question, Sir Harry," said the latter, after a long attendance upon the patient. "She will not be fit to leave home for a month, if she is then."

"And I had reckoned so upon the South of France completely restoring her."

"Well, we must hope it will by-and-by," said the doctor. "She is in so weak a state that you see any excitement brings on the attack. The anxieties of preparation upset her, and then, possibly, the position of leaning over her writing table caused a determination of blood to the brain sufficient to bring on another fit; and I grieve to say, Sir Harry, that this is a more serious one than the last."

"Murray, you unman me!" cried Sir Harry, piteously.

"We must hope for the best; but it is my duty to tell you that a third attack may be fatal."

"For Heaven's sake, don't say that!" gasped the unhappy husband.

"Forewarned, my dear sir, forearmed. You know now what to expect, and you know what to do."

"What to do?" said Sir Harry.

"Yes; she must have absolutely no anxiety or trouble."

"But more advice?"

"By all means, if you wish it. Have the best men in our profession; but I may tell you that the cure is simple enough, and that we can do nothing."

"Do nothing, man?"

"Absolutely nothing. Give Lady Fanshaw a contented, happy life, and she may live to eighty. If she has incessant care and trouble, she will die in one of these fits—or lose her season," the doctor added to himself.

He stayed that night and went away next morning, with his patient excessively weak but decidedly better; and as he rode back to Brackley he could not help thinking how great a similarity there was between these attacks—due to a form of spinal and cerebral disturbance—to certain cases he had met with when studying many years before in France, where two people had been suffering from a form of slow poisoning, the noxious drug being administered from time to time in very small doses, the result being the setting up of an irritation of spinal marrow and brain that produced fits.

"Poor woman; she has been fading away these last six months," the doctor said to himself. "There are secrets connected with these cases that we cannot probe. A prior attachment, perhaps. Oh, these unions of May and December are grievous mistakes!"

Just at this time Sir Harry was sitting by his wife's couch, looking down at her thin, worn face as she slept, asking himself whether he was to blame for this malady. Surely and certainly the woman he idolised was fading away before his eyes, and as he watched her it seemed to him that perhaps after all he had made a great mistake.

"She should have married a younger man," he thought; "one whose tastes would have been the same as her own. I did wrong in binding her to my frosted, worn-out life. But I loved her. Oh, God! you know how I loved her—my wife—my own!"

He sank down upon his knees by her couch, praying that she might be spared, but with his prayers ever there was mingled the terrible idea that perhaps her love for him had been only a form of duty, and that he had wrecked her life.

"And I would give mine now that she might live," he moaned, as he bent down and reverently kissed her brow.

The touch, light as it was, roused her with a start, and her eyes were very wild, but as she realized who it was she raised her thin arms to clasp his neck, and drew the handsome grey head down upon her bosom as a look of peace came over her face.

"My darling," he whispered, as he held her tightly, as if fearing that she might be snatched away—"my darling, you are better now."

"Harry, dear husband," she said, almost in a whisper, "if I should die——"

"Alice—wife!" he groaned.

"If I should die, believe this of me," she continued, softly, "that I have been your true, faithful wife——"

"Ah, Alice!" he whispered very reproachfully.

"And that I died loving you with all my heart."

## CHAPTER LXII.

MILLY MAKES A CONFIDENCE.

THE day before the intended departure Milly met her lover in the pinewood.

"Yes, my dear, I'm a vast deal better, and getting stronger every day," said Sam Burton. "You can see that, can't you?"

"Why, of course, Sam," said Milly, as they stood together under the fir-tree, against one of which the keeper's gun was leaning for he had resumed his work for some time past.

"You think I look better, then?" he said as he held her in the protective manner against danger adopted by lovers.

"Better? you're nearly yourself again, only different."

"How do you mean I am so different?"

"Why, you look bigger and stronger, and more manly, and you seem more masterful," said Milly, archly; "and I'm quite afraid of you."

"Thou'st——"

"Ah!" cried Milly, holding up a white finger.

"Well, you are not," he said, laughing heartily.

"I am, and I should run away only you look so smiling and happy when I'm with you that I don't like."

"But I shan't look smiling and happy when you're gone across the seas, Milly. Eh, but it make me half mad to think how dooll the places will be."

"Ah! but it's only for a little while, and it won't be doole when I come back," she added, laughing.

"What do you say doole for?" said Bur-

ton. "Why do you not say dooll, my little lass?"

Milly laughed, but Sam could not see anything to laugh at.

"You might let us be married at once, my lass," he said.

"No, Sam, not yet. Wait a bit. I could not leave her ladyship now she is so very weak and ill. Sir Harry would not like it."

"But, Milly, my little lass, is the captain ——?"

"Is the captain what?" said Milly, very sharply, for the keeper had hesitated and stopped.

"Is the captain going too?"

"I suppose so," said Milly, tartly. "What difference does that make?"

"I don't like it!" said Burton quite fiercely. "Why don't Sir Harry get shoot of him?"

"Sam!"

"I can't help it, my pretty bairn," cried the keeper, pleadingly. "You don't know all, or you wouldn't look at me that how when I say I hate him."

"Then why don't I know all?"

"Because there are many things, lass, that I can only tell to my bonny little wife."

"Then you don't trust me?"

"Eh, but I do, my lass."

"And you are still jealous of the captain?"

Burton put his hands together as Milly started from him angrily.

She softened directly, and crept to him again, and laid her white hands upon his breast.

"Sam," she said, softly, "you great, big, strong, masterful fellow, you've made me love you so that I won't be cross, and I won't tease you; but do try and trust me, dear."

"I will, my bairn—I do," he pleaded.

"Just as if you need think anything about the captain. If you only knew I hated him!"

"Say that again, Milly, my bairn."

"How I hated him!" she said, nestling to him, "you wouldn't even have the shadow of a fear."

"Then I won't," he said. "It's all because I love you so dear."

"Then now I'll tell you something, Sam," continued the girl, beginning excitedly to unite and retie his neckerchief as she spoke. "You don't trust me, but I'll trust you."

"I'd trust you with my life, my bairn," he said, tenderly; "but when a man has secrets that belong to other folk he feels as if his tongue's tied. They're things I can only think of and tell myself."

"Oh, Sam, are they so dreadful?"

"Horrid, my bairn."

"Sam," she cried, shrinking from him, "you've been and shot a poacher!"

"I did once, my bairn; but it was only in the leg, and he's quite well again."

"Then you'll never tell me this horrid secret?"

"No," he said, drily; "but when I've changed you into my wife, and you're bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh, then I'm telling myself, bairn, and it'll be all right, and you'll be the first to say I did right."

Milly nodded, and went on tying and untying the kerchief—one of her presents, by the way.

"Well, Sam, I'm going to tell you a secret to show you why you needn't be afraid of the captain notiding me."

He drew her closer to him.

"Don't you know how you used to talk to me months ago about the captain being always with her ladyship?"

"And you used to fly out at me, bairn."

"Yes, Sam. It used to make me cross with you for being so suspicious."

"Terribly cross, my lass; you scared me."

"Don't be silly, Sam. Well," she whispered, "I wouldn't say it to anyone else but you, Sam. You were quite right."

"Yes, my bairn, I'm afraid I was."

"Not but what she's good as gold, Sam, or I wouldn't stop and wait on her; but he keeps on worriting her, and waits on her, and she won't tell Sir Harry, because he thinks so much of the captain, just as if he was his son."

"Yes, I know."

"Well, do you know, Sam, there'll be a terrible row some day when Sir Harry finds it out, for the captain goes on writing to my lady."

"Does he, bairn? A scoundrel!"

"Yes; I've seen him twice over go to her room."

"Go to her room?"

"Yes, to her 'booder,' and put letters in the writing-case."

"How did you see him?"

"I saw him in the glass as plain as could be. I was in the next room each time, and I heard some one go in and wondered whether it was her ladyship, and I peeped through the key-hole, and could see into the glass all as plain as could be. He put a letter into the case of paper and envelopes, and then went away."

"When did you see him do it last?"

"Only yesterday," said Milly.

"Well," said the keeper, solemnly, "you must not say a word, my lass."

"No, Sam."

"I don't believe her ladyship's a bad 'un."

"I'm sure she isn't, Sam."

"But he's a down bad 'un and when Sir Harry finds him out, may the Lord hev mercy on his sinful soul. Amen."

"Then you won't fidget about my being away, dear?" said Milly, after a pause, during which one or two sounds were heard in the pinewood, like birds chirruping, only it was nothing of the kind, and it made Milly's cheek very red and Sam Burton's pale face look a little more like it was of old.

"No, my bairn; I'm going to wait patient like till thou——"

"What, Sam?"

"You coom back, my bairn, and then——"

"Oh, Sam, what a broad Yorkshireman you are! I shall never make you speak better."

"I am, my lass, but thou don't want to get shoot o' me any more for that."

"No," she said, laughing.

"For my heart's broad too, my bairn, and as long as it's true thou weant mind my speaking like a countryman sometimes."

Sam Burton felt very happy when Milly had gone, and then his thoughts turned upon their conversation.

"He's a down bad 'un," he said to himself—"a regiar tempting scoundrel, as I wish would shoot hissen by accident with his chilled shot. I feel sometimes as if I ought to speak; but no. What's the poor old gentleman done to me that I should half kill him, and what has her ladyship done for me but good?

"Nay, Sam, thou'rt English, and it wouldn't be English to go and trample on a woman because a man has hit thee a coward blow. Such a sweet-spoken lady, with a voice like the clink o' silver, or the ring of a bird in spring. Nay, thou'rt safe enow, for I'll not say owt, and nothing would tear it out o' me. But eh, how I'd like half an hour along o' the captain, somewheer down i' the wood, and wi' both our goons at home!"

## CHAPTER LXIII.

### NEARLY FREE.

REFRESHED by his meal, and with his heart full of hope, Range was to attack one of the bars of his window at once; but he could not, for John Pannell was busy in the garden, in full view of where he must work.

He examined the bar, though, and came to the conclusion that he would cut it through at the top, which would enable him easily to bend it down.

The next hour he had determined that it would be better at the bottom, and he longed to begin.

It was impossible, so he devoted himself to the manufacture of a rope, tearing up the bottom sheet of his bed and knotting the strips together.

It seemed very slight when it was done, but he dared not take the other, for fear of its absence being noted. He decided, though, that he could tear off the straps at the last moment, and they would join together, twist with the linen cord, and give the necessary strength.

When Pannell's back was turned, Range strained his eyes round to get a glimpse of the farther wall, for he knew that he would not be able to get the ladder. It was certain to be secured.

That wall away to the right would be the one. There was the great cedar-tree with one arm going right over the wall and coming on the other side close up to the house. That would be the place. A cedar-tree would be easy to climb, and he could get along the horizontal limb to the wall and drop.

Pannell went in at last, and, determined to risk all in his impatience, instead of waiting till night, Range took the file from his breast and crept to the window, when, to his great joy, he caught sight of the blue smock of his friend the butcher, who was walking through the brickfield and staring up at the house, smoking a short pipe the while.

Range held up the file and then waved his hand, when the man snatched off a greasy cap, gave it a wave in the air, put it on, and walked quickly away.

"He understands me, and he'll be there to-night," thought Range. "I must not wait."

There was an opportunity now for beginning, when, to his dismay, he saw Mewburn and Sheldrake come into sight from below and begin to pace up and down, talking together earnestly.

This was kept up for an hour, and then Sarah Pannell came out to walk up and down before his window, at which he could see she looked earnestly from time to time.

He kept back out of sight, waiting with impatience, and terribly nervous now lest he should be taken ill or have another fainting fit at so crucial a time.

It was drawing on fast now towards evening, and he felt that he might be very long filing through the bar, however hard he might work when the time came.

A few days back he would not have been interrupted for many hours together, but it seemed as if that unlucky fit had interested everybody in his welfare, for now that the garden was free, first Sheldrake came up to ask how he was; ten minutes later it was Pannell; and when at last he felt that he was free, he heard a low sigh, and, turning quickly, there was the face of Sarah Pannell gazing sadly in upon him; but the opening was closed instantly, and she disappeared.

At last all seemed safe, and with beating heart he listened previous to making his first attempt, but the far door opened, and he darted back and threw himself upon a seat in despair.

The door opened and Pannell led the way, with a good-tempered, self-satisfied air, as he held it back for Jane to bear in another tray with a very fair dinner.

Range had forgotten the possibility of this coming, and he frowned with vexation.

"Strength for my task," he said to himself, directly after; and, in obedience to Pannell's invitation, he sat down and partook of the meal.

It was quite dark before he dared make an attempt, and then he threw open the window and listened.

All was silent without, except when the soft wind came with a puff and rustled the ivy leaves.

There seemed to be no sign of anyone over the wall towards the brickfield; but it was perhaps too soon, and he had plenty to do before he required help.

Seizing the bar with one hand, the file with the other, he paused for a moment, and then began.

*Grate! grort! grort!* How loud it sounded, and how metallic and musical the bar seemed! But, noise or no noise, he felt that it must be done, and he filed away, soon making a little cut in the stout bar, in which the edge of the file fitted and kept easily enough.

The noise was very loud, and moment after moment he expected that he would be heard, and left off. To make matters worse, when he ventured to begin again the noise grew more sonorous, and the bar vibrated terribly, giving out a deeper, more musical, tone.

Still in a kind of desperation, he kept on, with the perspiration streaming from every pore, for he knew that in a couple of hours Sheldrake would be in the next room, and to continue would be impossible.

He never before understood how strong an iron bar could be, and how small the impression made by the file after the first quarter of an hour's cutting, for, judging by the feel of the metal, he would be seven or eight hours hard at work to get through, and Sheldrake would be in his room in less than two.

Plainly enough, he would not escape that night.

He toiled on again, with the file growing more blunt, and then, weak and weary, sat down with his face against the bars.

*Piou!* came from the fields—a low soft whistle, which he answered, and, nerved by this, jumped up and filed away again with all his might.

How soon he grew weary now and stopped! His arms ached and felt heavy, paining him so that he sat down again; and just as he dropped into his chair one of the laurels opposite his window suddenly became visible, and a long path of light stretched across the lawn.

"Hear it now?" said Sheldrake.

"No," replied a voice that Range recognised as Sarah Pannell's. "No; it is still now. When I was in my room I could hear it quite plainly."

"I tell you what it is," said Pannell; "they're shunting over yonder by the station, and it was the screwing down of the brake you heard."

"Oh, yes! that's what it must be," said the woman, and the door closed, and all was dark and silent once more.

*Piou!* came from the field again, but Range dared file no more for the time. He felt that he must be satisfied with the progress he had made, and attempt no more that night; while, to endorse his determination, he soon after heard steps in the next room.

Under the present circumstances, he uttered a low whistle from the window, said plainly, "Not to-night," and closed it down.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WAY TO STOP IT.—In 1840, says Mr. Huc, a famous French traveller in China, we were once making a journey in a wagon in the province of Pekin. Our equipage was under the guidance of an old schoolmaster, mounted upon a magnificent ass so full of ardor and agility that the two mules that completed our team had all the difficulty in the world to keep up with him. This ass, however, was so filled with a sense of his own superiority, and so proud of it, that whenever he became aware of the presence of any of his brethren, he never failed to commence boasting of it in such loud, sonorous, and harsh tones that his folly became quite insupportable.

When he got to an inn, instead of trying to rest himself, the beast passed the whole night practising music, setting all the donkeys in the neighborhood to singing the same tune, so that it was impossible to sleep.

One evening we said to the schoolmaster—

"Your donkey is an abominable brute; it prevents our getting a wink of sleep."

"Why did you not tell me so before?" said the schoolmaster. "I would soon have stopped his singing."

As the old pedagogue was somewhat of a wag, and indulged sometimes in a small joke, we took little notice of his reply, but that night we slept quite soundly.

"Well, did the ass make a noise last night?" he asked, when we met in the morning.

"Perhaps not," said we; "at all events, we did not hear him."

"No, I think not," said he; "I saw to that before I went to bed. You must have noticed," he continued, "that when an ass is going to bray he always begins by raising his tail, and he keeps it extended horizontally as long as his song lasts. To insure his silence, you have only to tie a large stone to the end of his tail, so that he cannot raise it."

We smiled without reply, thinking this was only another piece of pleasantry; but he cried—

"Come, now, and see; you can easily convince yourself."

And accordingly we followed him to the court-yard, where we beheld, sure enough, the poor ass with a large stone attached to his tail, and with the air of having entirely lost his accustomed spirits. His eyes were fixed on the ground, his ears hung down, his whole appearance denoting humility and dejection. Feeling quite compassionate towards him, we now begged his master to untie the stone directly, and as soon as ever he felt the musical appendage at liberty the creature raised first his head, then his ears, then his tail, and at last began to bray with all his wonted energy.

# Scientific and Useful.

BOILERS.—Boilers cannot burn that are kept clean and with water at full height. Oil is a most pernicious substance to admit to a boiler. A little soda added occasionally to the feed-water will prevent corrosion by acid waters.

KEEPING MOTHS OUT.—Take dry powdered salt, says an exchange, and sprinkle it freely all over the carpet, particularly along the edges; then sweep it thoroughly. Repeat this about once a month in moth time, and you will have no trouble from that destructive insect. The salt may also be sprinkled on any woolen furniture and brushed off with a whisk broom. It is perfectly harmless and will help to cleanse and preserve the colors of the wool.

ELECTRIC TOOTH PULLING.—An electric tooth pulling machine, which is quick, and almost painless in its operations, is said to pull seven teeth in five seconds. A pair of forceps protrude from a nickel tube which is connected with a wire. The forceps are applied to the tooth, the operator touches a spring, a spiral arrangement within the tube winds up in a wink, draws down the forceps like a flash, and, in an instant, the tooth is jerked from the jaw and cast on the floor.

CHAMOIS LEATHER.—Chamois may be cleaned in a weak solution of soda in warm water. Rub plenty of soft soap into the leather, and allow it to soak for two hours. Then rub it well until it is quite clean, and rinse it well in a weak solution composed of soda, yellow soap, and warm water. If rinsed in water only, it becomes hard when dry and unfit for use. After rinsing wring it well in a coarse towel and dry quickly; then pull it about and brush it well, and it will become softer and better than most new leathers.

THE CYLINDROGRAPH.—A new French apparatus, called the cylindrograph, is designed to photograph at a single operation a wide sweep of the adjacent country. The instrument consists of a camera of semi-circular form, with a small lens in the centre, which moves on an axis. The dark slide is of some material which will bend, and when a view is to be taken the lens is turned upon the centre from one side of the landscape to the other. The panoramic pictures thus secured are sufficiently good to serve surveying, military and other purposes.

SEWER VENTILATION.—A new method of ventilation has recently been tried. It is by means of shafts placed at intervals of about five hundred feet, which are connected with the sewers, and carried up the sides of the adjoining houses. While one shaft conducts air into the sewer, the other carries it away. The in-draught shaft is surmounted by a cowl, which is so designed as to have its face constantly presented to the wind; and through this a stream of air is said to be always passing into the sewer, the return shaft being open at a good height.

# Farm and Garden.

TO DESTROY ANTS.—Place meat, bones, or pieces of sponge with sugar in them in the way of the ants in the garden, and occasionally pick them up and drop them into hot water. Another way is to sink some vials of sweet oil nearly to the mouth in the soil. The ants are attracted to the oil, but it kills them.

A GOOD MILKER.—The udder should be large and capacious; it need not be fleshy. It should be broad and reach well forward. A large development of the fore part of the bag is a more certain indication of quality than the back part. The teats should be set wide apart, and be of good size for handling. Teats which are small next to the udder, denote small tubes inside the bag, which of course is very unfavorable to quality.

BLOOD DIET.—A French savant, has been lately trying the effect of "blood diet" on lambs. Three lambs, which for some unexplained cause had been abandoned by their mothers, were fed on powdered blood with the most gratifying results. The lambs increased in size in the most marvelous fashion and attained unusual proportions for their age. The coats of wool also became double in thickness. Encouraged by his success with the lambs, he is now feeding some calves on blood.

FOWLS.—The old practice of feeding fowls on the ground should be abandoned. It was formerly supposed that the more sand, grit and dirt that was taken into the crop with the feed, the better; but the ground plan conduces to disease, for there is a constant accumulation of filth. Either feed on a long, broad board or from a trough. It is also wasteful to throw food on the ground to be trampled into the mud on a wet day, there to ferment and cause annoyance from time to time, to say nothing of the struggles and combats that are more liable from the system.

THE HORSE.—All the grooming that can be done would not avail anything if the horse is forced to stand where his feet will be filthy. In this case the feet will become disordered, and the legs will get badly out of fix; and with sod feet and bad legs, there is not much else of the horse fit for anything. Stable persons are generally severe on the feet and legs of horses, and unless these buildings can afford a dry room where a horse can walk around, lie down or roll over they are not half so healthy and comfortable to the horse as the pasture, and should be avoided by all good hostlers in the country.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 23, 1885.

Purity, Progress, Pleasure and Permanence are conspicuously ineffaceable features written by the finger of Time on the venerable record of this paper. To the thousands who have drawn many of their noblest thoughts and much of their sweetest enjoyment from its familiar columns, in the two generations covering its history, renewed assurances of devotion to their gratification and improvement are superfluous. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST exists solely to serve the best interests and promote the truest pleasures of its patrons and readers. It hopes to constantly deserve the unswerving approval of its great army of old and new friends. It aspires to no higher ambition. To accomplish this, nothing shall impede the way. The best productions of the noblest thinkers and the finest writers will fill its columns, and the unwearied energies of the most careful editors shall be continuously devoted to its preparation. Nothing impure or debasing will be permitted to defile its pages nor make them an unworthy visitor to any home. The most Graphic Narrations, Instructive Sketches, Fascinating Stories, Important Biographical Essays, Striking Events, Best Historical Descriptions, Latest Scientific Discoveries, and other attractive features adapted to every portion of the family circle, will appear from week to week, while the Domestic, Social, Fashion and Correspondence Departments will be maintained at the highest possible standard of excellence. Its sole aim is to furnish its subscribers with an economical and never-failing supply of happiness and instruction, which shall be as necessary to their existence as the air they breathe. While myriads of silken threads in the web of memory stretch far back in the history of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, it will never rest on past laurels, but keep fully abreast of all genuine progress in the spirit of the age in which the present generation lives. It earnestly seeks and highly appreciates the favor and friendship of the pure and good everywhere, but desires no affiliation with, nor characteristic approval from, their opposites.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
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## Honesty and Excellence.

The trite adage, that "virtue is its own reward," is often difficult to realize at its true significance, especially when funds are plenty and easily obtainable, and shoddy or imitation apparently pass current about as well as genuine articles of any description. If ordinary actions are the index of actual sentiment, one could almost feel justified in the conclusion that real excellence was wholly devoid of compensatory ingredients sufficient to stimulate efforts for its acquisition. Shams, and cheats, and frauds, seem to be the great staple of human intercourse. But, as "all is not gold that glitters," when subjected to the refiner's crucible, so the real worth of genuine honesty in character, and excellence in goods, are not fully demonstrated until hard times and adverse conditions burn away the dross of deceitful superfluities, and actual merits stand out in conspicuous relief, while sham and shoddy mourn in unappreciated retirement. Notable proof of the truth of these remarks appears in the business world during the critical period to which it is now subjected. Almost without exception those manufacturers and merchants whose motto has sincerely been "honesty and excellence," without deceptions or evasions, stand firm, and are able to conduct their affairs upon a basis of legitimate profits and reasonable safety at all times. One of the soundest manufacturers in Connecticut, who had over a half century of experience in making domestic goods that were always reliable and honest, was wont to observe that his concern invariably did the best business in hard times, because people could not then afford to waste or risk their money on anything but what they *knew* to be good. Within the last few years a large New England concern has grown from one or two medium-sized factories, into the full capacity of seven or eight immense buildings filled with machinery for the production of staple goods that enter into the make-up of ladies garments. Most of this growth has come in the very years when shrinkage and dulness were pinching on every side, and when imitators and adulterators were coming to grief on every hand in alarming numbers. But this establishment has maintained the full standard of excellence in goods and the price at a legitimate profit, while there is a steady demand for their full production that exhibits no signs of abatement. If such facts do not demonstrate that "virtue is its own reward," in a business sense, as well as moral, then we fail to comprehend the logic of cause and effect in their proper ratio. "Honesty and excellence," adopted as a universal motto in business and social life, would doubtless be the most effectual antidote for hard times that could be devised. Confidence would be permanent and unfluctuating, and this would lay the solid foundation for perpetual prosperity.

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NOTHING brings out some of the more striking traits of American character so much as the noble deeds of numbers of our prominent citizens, in the way of public benefactions. Among these generous givers may be mentioned: Johns Hopkins, who gave $3,148,000 to the university which he founded. His gifts for benevolent purposes amounted to $8,000,000. Judge Packer gave $3,000,000 to the Lehigh University. Cornelius Vanderbilt gave $1,000,000 to Vanderbilt University. Stephen Girard gave $8,000,000 to Girard College. John C. Green and his residuary legatees gave $1,500,000 to Princeton College. Ezra Cornell gave $1,000,000 to Cornell University. Amasa Stone gave $600,000 to Adelbert College by direct gift and by bequest. W. W. Corcoran gave $170,000 to Columbia University in money and land. Benjamin Bussy gave real estate worth $500,000 to Harvard University. Samuel Williston, William J. Walker, and Samuel A. Hitchcock gave between $100,000 and $200,000 each to Amherst College. Stephen Whitmer Phœnix gave the bulk of his property, amounting to about $650,000, to Columbia College. John B. Trevor gave $170,000 to Rochester Theological Seminary. Matthew Vassar gave $800,000 to Vassar College. Gardner Colby gave $170,000 to Colby University and $100,000 to Newton Theological Seminary. J. B. Colgate gave $300,000 to Madison University. George I. Seney gave $450,000 to Wesleyan University. The Crozer family gave $300,000 to Crozer Theological Seminary. Many, if not most, of these benefactors began life poor. Their only capital was a healthy body, strong arms, a clear head, and a dogged determination. No road was too long for them if it led to where they wanted to come out.

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CONGRATULATIONS and approval are gratifying to almost any one, and we are free to confess that they are most congenial to us in our endeavors to please and benefit our readers through the columns of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. But when they come in such volumes as of late, we must in respectful appreciation beg our friends to desist. The avalanche of letters already received is sufficient to demonstrate how deeply the paper rests in the affections of its readers, and the unquenchable interest they take in its welfare. Our motto shall always be onward and upward, in untiring efforts for excellence that shall suit the most critical. Whenever our friends wish to put their approval into practical effect, let them obtain from their friends one or more subscriptions for our list and forward to the publication office. They will then be doing themselves a delightful pleasure, their friends an inestimable benefit, and us a good that will facilitate our capacity to lay before them a still richer intellectual feast every week and increase the aggregate of their happiness many fold.

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WHAT excruciating torture can be sufficiently severe punishment for, or what method of annihilation appropriately adapted to, the extinction of the beastly male biped who deliberately goes to the water fount in a large depot, where ladies, children and people of decency drink, and, after he has discharged an almost inconceivable gulp of mixed saliva and filth from the vile cavity of his mouth, proceeds to disgorge an immense quid of tobacco into his hand, while he pours a copious draught of water down his throat from that very same cup that hundreds of others must use after him? Such conduct among the inhabitants of Africa or Patagonia would doubtless cause us to raise our hands in horror. Yet this very thing recently happened in one of the most enlightened cities of America, at the hands of a creature not more than twenty years old, in the presence of scores of people, and not a single man had the courage to brain the villain on the spot, or even eject him into the sewer or cess-pool where he belonged. Still we spend millions of money, and offer oceans of prayers for the reclamation of the heathen, many of whom would blush to practice things we calmly tolerate.

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IT is a misfortune with many members of the press in this country that they feel themselves called upon to criticise, and never to praise. This might in one view of the case be correct, supposing their criticisms came from ample or superior knowledge of the facts. But such very frequently is not the case. A pointed instance is a recent review of Mrs. Custer's book, "Boots and Saddles." The critic stated that the author of that work has been guilty of exaggeration in some of her stories of the West. The sort of sceptical or ignorant criticism that prompts this suggestion has always been observed among those who know nothing of the West, and whose narrowness of mind is such that they cannot believe anything to be true which transcends their own small experience and limited observation. Their incredulity is an intellectual weakness, a manifestation of that species of small vanity which fears among all things to be imposed upon, and resents the idea that anything beyond the narrow limits of its own vision or impressions can be true.

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IT is an undignified, but not unusual, spectacle, to see people who have attained middle age fretting and fuming over what should be unconsidered trifles. Strange it is that they have not yet learned the impossibility of arranging the universe after one's own little pattern. The people who worry are not always those who suffer from some physical weakness or mental anxiety; these not unfrequently are silent, for their troubles lie too deep for complaining words. The more fretful spirits are those who burst into irritability over the countless little things which are not done to their satisfaction, and who bridle over fancied slights. A close examination shows that it is the crumpled rose-leaves, no doubt uncomfortable—but not the thorns, which excite fretfulness and anger. Worrying is a disagreeable habit of mind which can be remedied by a resolve to cease complaining about "what can't be cured."

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THE committee in charge of the Bartholdi statue pedestal fund, in New York, has now adopted another scheme of raising money. They have had prepared bronze reproductions of the figure on pedestals of silver-nickle, which are sold to subscribers for one dollar or five dollars according to the size, the profits going to the pedestal fund. This is of course a business scheme which should not be allowed to interfere with the voluntary contributions to a patriotic purpose. If one wants to buy a statuette and indirectly help the fund then the Secretary of the Committee should be addressed at New York.

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Two hundred boys, from ten Boston grammar schools, have been under instructions in carpentry two hours a week since September last. They were selected by the masters from among those fourteen years of age or older who had the permission of their parents to take this instruction. "The experiment has already gone far enough to prove that work of this kind can be joined to the ordinary grammar school work with good effect," says the superintendent, and he advocates the making of provision for industrial training for girls as well as for boys.

## The World's Happenings.

There are 64,000 lawyers in this country, such as they are.

Brooklyn has three colored druggists in good circumstances.

A million and a quarter of cat skins are used annually by furriers.

Out of thirty-three recent births in a Dakota town thirty were boys.

A bed quilt on exhibition at New Orleans contains 100,584 pieces.

The manufacture of broom-corn toothpicks is a growing Kansas industry.

There are ninety different styles of collars in use by gentlemen in this country.

A walking-stick concealing a match-box and a cigarette-holder is a late English device.

A reversible boot, which may be worn indifferently on either foot, has been patented.

Sixty thousand dollars were spent in Chicago for flowers during the recent opera festival.

All of the public school buildings in New York are to be connected with the city's fire alarm system.

Insurance is not an invention of this century. The assurance of ships was practiced as early as 45 A. D.

Tree-planting is systematically fostered in China, and 230,000 trees were set out last year in Hong Kong alone.

The license on roller skating rinks has been raised from $25 to $150 by the City Council of Oswego N. Y.

Twenty-two unmarried daughters of a Carroll county, Md., man are living in the same house with him.

The largest sum ever accumulated in one body is said to be $500,000,000, now in the United States Treasury.

For the loss of a great toe, a New Yorker recently secured damages of five hundred dollars against a railroad.

There are about 16,000,000 children in the United States, 10,000,000 of whom are enrolled in the public schools.

Three physicians of New Haven, Conn., utilize the bicycle as a mode of conveyance in making their daily calls.

During the recent cold weather in Illinois a sexton was found frozen to death in a grave he had been sent to dig.

A valuable Connecticut cow came to a mysterious end, and a post mortem revealed three inches of fence wire in her lungs.

Somebody has made a count or an estimate of the one-legged men in this country, and finds that there are about 10,000 of them.

A woman called at the Maine State House, recently, and filed an application for appointment as a detective to enforce the liquor law.

The death of his grandchild, which occurred a few days ago, so effected a male resident of Newport, R. I., as to cause his death.

A brass band has been engaged by a Schenectady, N. Y., pastor to discourse music regularly at the Sunday services in his church.

A sick cow, belonging to Mr. Sanford, at Bridgeport, Conn., is being attended by four physicians. She is a Durham, and valued at $3,000.

A drug clerk accidentally broke a "quinine" pill the other day and found it consisted of two split peas. It didn't seem to surprise him very much.

Stealing a red hot stove has been outdone by the thieves who, the other night, stole the corner-stone of the Simpson Methodist Church at Long Branch.

Sacramento, Cal., has a man rat-killer, who boasts a record of forty-five an hour. He grasps the rodent with the left hand, and twists its neck with the right.

Vitriol-throwing has become so common in the streets of Paris that a French chemist advertises an ointment of collodion for the face and hands as a prophylactic.

At Ash Ford, a station on the Atlantic and Pacific Railway, in Northern Arizona, the water supply is brought by rail a distance of sixty miles and sold for 50 cents a barrel.

The oldest book in the Congressional Library is said to be "The Olive Leaf," by one Hauser, of Georgia, a tome he conceited "for the glory of God and the good of mankind."

Harvard college students have a room decorated with the handkerchiefs snatched by college boys while in political processions last Fall from the hands of the girls on the sidewalks.

A single patent medicine, popular as a soothing draught for infants, causes the death of 130,000 children annually in Great Britain, according to the statement of an English physician.

A citizen of Scriven county, Ga., has a gosling which sports four legs. It walks on but two, the other pair hanging just behind the ones used, and being as fully developed and as long as the front pair.

The reflecting of sun rays into the school room with a mirror and the throwing of missiles at the principal, are the offences for which a lad who was dismissed from one of the schools in Jersey City recently, was lodged in jail.

The German singing societies of Staten Island, according to an old custom, greeted with songs the rising of the sun on the first Sunday in May, from the highest spot accessible to them. Singers in Newark and Paterson, N. J., and other places, also observed the custom.

The proprietor of a menagerie relates that one of his lions once had a thorn taken out of his paw by a French major in Algeria. The lion afterward ran over the list of officers belonging to the regiment of his benefactor, and, out of gratitude, devoured both the Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel, whose places were then filled by the good Major.

### NOT LOST.

All is not lost when our ships go down
  That we've freighted with hope and launched with care,
And watched with pride as they sailed away
  When the sea was smooth and the wind was fair,
And looked for long when they came not again,
But were wrecked far out on the billowy main.

All is not lost: we may send out more
  That will weather the gales till the storms be past,
And with colors flying and with sails unfurled
  Will gallantly steer into port at last;
And their coming at length will surely repay
The anxious watching and weary delay.

All is not lost when our best laid schemes
  Suddenly crumble and turn to decay;
When we build our plans on the shifting sands
  And the tides come in and wash them away.
If our plans are unwise and we see them collapse,
We will build with more prudence next time, perhaps.

## The Two Lovers.

BY HENRY FRITH.

THE great heiress was to be married at last.

Altenbridge had despaired of ever seeing that day—Miss Randolph had refused so many offers; and now when the bridegroom was at last selected, he proved to be a stranger from a far country, and Altenbridge was in a fever of anxiety to behold him.

This proper and laudable desire was about to be gratified, for somehow a whisper had gone abroad that the Honorable Clarence Evelyn would appear for the first time at church with his *fiancee*; and the Reverend Bartley Moore could not lay the flattering unction to his soul that it was his eloquence which had drawn all Altenbridge that day within the sacred precincts of God's house.

Having them there, however, he did his best to enchain their attention; and was so far successful that the engaged couple no more than evenly divided the honors of the occasion.

Miss Randolph, although long since given over to spinsterhood by her friends and neighbors, was by no means an old maid.

She was just twenty-five years of age, and although bereft of the delicate graces of the opening bud, she had all the splendor and odorous beauty of the full-blown rose.

Perhaps the day could never come when this superb woman, married or single, could have been called a faded flower.

She was five feet six inches as she stood in her delicate satin shoes—a stature so much above the ordinary height of women as to make her remarkable from the moment she was seen; and her figure, neither thin nor stout, but of that admirable medium seldom found except in the dreams of an artist, was more suggestive of the grand shape found on the island of Milo, than of the more dainty proportions of the Venus Di Medici.

She wore gloves, number six and a half, and her boots were number three, but the hands and feet within them would have found favor in the eyes of Praxiteles.

Her face was a perfect oval, the line of which was hardly broken by the firmness of the chin, the mouth was a delicate patrician crimson, with lips neither full nor thin, and sometimes broke into a smile that dazzled with the brilliant gleam of pearls within.

The nose was very slightly aquiline; the eyes as dark and brilliant that night and stars were fitly represented by them, their lustre veiled by curling lashes as dark as the eyes, and surmounted by brows of exquisite delicacy.

Her hair was not black—it was a rich nut-brown, that caught golden lights from the sun's rays, and waved in glittering profusion back from the snowy forehead.

It was her crowning beauty, because it not only pleased but surprised.

Mankind is always willing to be charmed, but if female loveliness can also contrive to astonish him he is more readily made captive.

Whether Miss Randolph knew this or not, she often found it true, for that wonderful hair, which, as Altenbridge said, "ought to have been black," had put the final touch to many a poor fellow's infatuation.

The congregation of Altenbridge church gave its undivided attention to Miss Randolph's companion first; and having critically observed him, was graciously pleased to declare the Honorable Clarence a "precious good-looking fellow."

And, indeed, Lord Ellinborn's second son might well have won such critical commendation from more fastidious judges; taller, by four or five inches, than the lady he was about to marry, and having had the training of an athlete, he was a perfect specimen of physical beauty.

He was fair, complexion a trifle ruddy and sunburned; fine, high-bred features; clear, large blue eyes, of no particular expression; and a fine head of exquisite blonde hair.

He was dressed simply and elegantly—"not at all like a swell," his critics commented, and then turned to the contemplation of Miss Randolph; but first of all to her bullet, which, as she had just returned from Paris, had been eagerly looked for.

It was, as usual, rich as the finest Lyons looms and the most exquisite lace could render it, and of black silk.

"Fit to stand alone, of course," as Miss Perkins remarked, "but always that everlasting black."

The hat was also black, of chip, with a wide brim, turned up on the side in brigand style, and ornamented with a white ostrich plume, which formed its only trimming—such a plume as made little Miss Perkins clasp her hands and cast them heavenward in the extremity of her admiration.

"For, I'm sure, my dear, there isn't another like it this side of Paris."

But it was when church was over, and the congregation rose as one man—or woman—that Miss Randolph and her lover received the full battery of the hundreds of eyes bent on them.

"Well, well," commented Altenbridge, "they are a handsome couple, sure enough—but we've as handsome men among us as that honorable lord, for all he is such a good-looking fellow."

But Altenbridge knew well enough that good looks alone were not what Miss Randolph required in a husband—not good looks, nor brains, nor money, but a name as old and as well-descended as her own.

The Honorable Clarence Evelyn possessed the necessary requirement, and the prospect of an alliance with the haughty Randolphs was lost for ever to the town of Altenbridge.

"I don't see the carriage, darling," whispered the lover. "Shall we walk?"

"I don't care for the carriage. I would like to walk; it's a novel sensation."

Miss Randolph laughed, and her white teeth gleamed bewitchingly between the rosy, smiling lips.

"Then we will walk, my queen," was the gay rejoinder.

And drawing her hand beneath his arm, they proceeded slowly along the quiet, straight street, lined with lofty elms, that led out of the village and up to the hill on which stood the noble old Randolph mansion—a house more than a hundred years old.

As they walked onwards, Miss Randolph often bowed to one and another familiar face, and once or twice she even stopped to speak a gracious word or two, causing the individual thus honored to thrill with delight.

"When is the wedding to be, for certain?" asked Miss Perkins of her lucky companion who had just been favored with a smile from Miss Randolph.

"Why to-morrow! Didn't you know? At first they were going to wait till the old house had been completely made over, but she's taken such a dislike to the smell of paint—says it will kill her if she breathes it any longer, and of course she wouldn't go anywhere else before she's married. So now they're going off on a *tower*, and Miss Pearson's to take possession, and have everything spic and span when they come home again."

"Sakes alive! Well, it's sudden surely."

"That's her way, and of course he's begged and coaxed, you may be sure."

"Others have begged and coaxed without such good luck. Poor Arnold! He'll go clean mad; it's only the hope of her never marrying at all that's kept him up so long."

"Poor Ben! If he'd never painted that picture of her, he wouldn't have such a sore heart to-day."

"Handsome fellow, too, a heap handsomer than this one, I think. Well, I'm glad I asked you—I wouldn't have missed the wedding for anything."

As the lovers reached the outskirts of the village, Miss Randolph suddenly found herself approaching one who was familiar to her beyond mere acquaintanceship, but she did not recognize him either by look or word.

Her gaze went straight past him, her lips were pressed close together, and the rose-bloom of her face was replaced by an almost death-like pallor.

It was Arnold, poor Benjamin, whose sole possession was the beauty of an Antinous, and whose ancestry, by the right of genius only, could be traced no further back than Raphael, Michael Angelo, Leonardo Da Vinci and such small fry.

"Dearest, who was that gentleman?" Mr. Evelyn asked, with more interest than he usually felt in detached specimens of his fellow man.

Miss Randolph needed all the strength of her firm will to enable her to reply in a steady voice—

"What gentleman? I observed no one."

"The gentleman who has just passed us—a remarkable-looking person. I should call him beautiful if he were a woman."

"What a pity he isn't!" laughed Miss Randolph, but it wasn't the kind of laugh that added to her beauty. "I didn't look at him."

"Well, he looked at you, love."

"Yes—people sometimes do, Clarence," the lady answered, playfully.

The lover looked at her admiringly, and pressed the hand that rested on his arm.

Then he noticed her pallor, although it was fading away.

"My darling, how pale you are! The walk has fatigued you."

"No, but it is warm; don't you think so?"

"What shall I do? Can I leave you under the trees? Ah, there comes the carriage?"

The Randolph carriage, having missed its mistress at church, outstayed every one, the servants fearful of committing a blunder, and at length drove off, hoping to overtake her.

Miss Randolph would have preferred walking; a strange unrest possessed her that seemed to find its only relief in motion; but she submitted to be placed in the carriage, and although requiring the obedience of a queen from her servants, she uttered no word of rebuke.

* * * * *

A brilliant summer moon bathed the landscape in a pearly light when the Honorable Clarence at last took leave of his fair mistress, and Miss Randolph, with a show of attention rare indeed with her, accompanied her lover down the flower-bordered path to the gate leading into the road.

The odorous wind from a clump of pines that crested the hills to the left swept down and mingled its breath with the various perfumes from the garden.

All the elements of a genuine love scene were there—youth, beauty, moonlight, flowers, and in the background, that nothing might be wanting to complete the picture, jealousy, goading itself to madness and gnawing its own heart out.

Under the pines, all unconscious of their delicious fragrance, Arnold was crouched like a leopard, every faculty of his being absorbed in the sense of his sight, his glowing eyes bent on the woman he adored—bitter curses in his heart against the man who held her hand, and, unrebuked, pressed his lips to the velvet of her cheek.

The lovers parted, and Miss Randolph slowly retraced her steps, pausing now and then to pluck a flower or to stoop over a fragrant rose-bush.

Benjamin's eyes followed her till the hall door enclosed her from his sight.

Once away from her he ceased to think of her lover, but followed her in spirit through the wide hall-way and up the staircase, every step of which he knew.

He was rewarded, for presently he saw the beloved form pass before a window, from which the curtain was drawn back, and pause before a picture on the wall.

Miss Randolph carried a wax taper, and held it high above her head the better to see the object of her attention, and Arnold felt the blood rush to his face and back again to his heart, while he thrilled to the tips of his fingers.

It was his picture—the portrait of herself—a work of which a great artist might well be proud, and her gaze lingered there as though it would never leave it.

He knew it was not the beauty of the face that enchained her.

Beautiful though it was, she need but glance into a mirror to see it more truthfully reflected.

"She loves me!" he murmured, exultingly.

Miss Randolph turned from the picture with a sudden, sharp gesture, and dashed the waxen taper to the floor.

The room was in darkness, and he could see her no longer.

But still he lay on the ground, watching the place that held her, and soon his brief throb of exultation gave place to the anguish and despair of knowing her lost to him for ever.

The night waned and the moon went down, and sleep fell upon the watcher's eyes, bringing brief dreams of joy that would sicken him to remember in the days to come.

Suddenly a great commotion shook the ground, and shouts and cries, and the troubled murmur of many voices, sounded in the sleeper's ears.

Arnold bounded to his feet, and saw the heavens red with reflected light, the Randolph mansion in flames, and all Altenbridge collected in a motley crowd about the scene of conflagration.

His first impulse was to rush forward, although he did not yet think whether any one was in danger.

A woman's voice was raised in a piercing scream and he heard the appalling cry—

"My mistress, my mistress. Miss Randolph is in the burning house."

Almost at the same instant a tall, lithe figure sprang into the doorway, through which volumes of smoke already issued, and was seen flying up the hot and slinky staircase.

"Great heavens, it's Arnold. It is too late. He will be killed," and the multitude turned on Miss Randolph's maid and the other servants with savage abuse, for not having first saved their mistress.

It was, indeed, inexplicable, and always remained a mystery, for the maid declared she had roused Miss Randolph and seen her leave her room, before she had thought of her own safety.

Meanwhile Arnold had reached the second floor, crying aloud on the name of his love, till his voice was drowned with the smoke, and the crackling of the flames.

She was not in her room, and he turned towards the picture-gallery, but he fell back before the forked tongues of fire that scorched his face and singed his hair.

Well acquainted with the interior of the mansion, he suddenly remembered a passage-way leading into a corridor, from which a staircase gave exit to the back part of the grounds, and his movements kept time with his thoughts.

At the entrance to the corridor he stumbled over the prostrate form of Miss Randolph.

Blinded and suffocated with smoke, she had fallen insensible on the direct road to safety.

He raised her in his arms, and convulsively pressed her to his heart.

He hastened with her along the corridor, but in the darkness, off from the flames that wrapped the rest of the house in light, he could by no chance find the stairway, while the smoke pouring in at every crack and cranny bewildered and stupefied him.

Miss Randolph has been described as a superb woman, and a superb woman is never a light weight.

To render his flight still worse, he began to realize that a weight, even of the most exquisite feminine loveliness, was trying to muscular endurance.

It was evident that he could not much longer support his lovely and beloved burden.

A moan of pain and fear burst from her, he felt her move slightly with returning consciousness.

"Adelaide, speak to me," he cried; "I have tried to save you, but I cannot—oh, say one tender word to me before we die."

"Arnold, my darling, is it you? Ah, I know that you would find me. Must we die? But it is no matter; this world is all a mistake, and I would rather die with you than live with any other, for I love you—I love you. Oh, my darling, I have always loved you."

She clasped her arms about his neck and drew his head down to her lips, and in that passionate kiss danger and death were forgotten.

A terrible crash behind them, and a burst of flame that wrapped them all in ruddy light.

Arnold saw the open staircase but a foot ahead of them, and shuddered to think that another step might have precipitated them down it.

Miss Randolph shrieked and clung to him; he clasped his arms close about her.

"Courage, my beloved, we will not die yet," he said, and half carrying and supporting her, he descended and escaped, safe and unhurt, into the garden.

Miss Randolph's lover was no recreant, and had but a few moments ago arrived on the scene.

The house where he was staying was several miles beyond Altenbridge, but the moment the alarm had reached him, he flew to the rescue of his bride; and was only restrained, and overpowered by main force, from throwing himself into the flames in search of her.

When Miss Randolph appeared, unharmed, he knelt at her feet and clasped her hands, which he covered with kisses, in thankfulness.

Arnold still held Miss Randolph, half-embraced, within his arm; he drew her away, forcibly, from these endearments.

The Honorable Clarence rose to his feet and thanked the hero of the night warmly, but with dignity—

"This lady thanks you, too, but I will take care of her now. Believe me, sir, I must always envy you the happiness of having served her so well."

He took Miss Randolph's hand, and gently drew her towards him; but Arnold did not withdraw his arm.

"Clarence—Mr. Evelyn," faltered Miss Randolph, in a tone scarcely audible, "I must see you soon; this is no place for explanations; forgive me if you can, but let go my hand."

She gently released herself from Arnold's embrace, but turning towards him, placed in his the hand which Evelyn coldly and haughtily let fall.

Miss Randolph's horses and carriage had been saved, and now stood ready awaiting her orders.

Arnold handed her to her place among the silken cushions, and pressing his lips upon her hand in the sight of all Altenbridge, gave her order to the coachman to drive to the inn.

It was a terrible blow to the Honorable Clarence Evelyn, and one from which he will never recover, and all Altenbridge pitied him sincerely.

And Miss Randolph was married at the appointed hour, notwithstanding the destruction of the wedding finery, for the great heiress suddenly developed a strong superstition in regard to changing the day—although she bore the change of bridegroom with commendable fortitude.

## Catherine vs Kate.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

"CATHERINE!"

"Yes, sir."

"Is there anything the matter with my eyes, Catherine?"

"Allow me to look, sir."

The first speaker was an athletic and handsome man, the beauty of whose intelligent face was marred by the defectiveness of his expression. His interlocutrix was a tall and dignified woman. She was neatly attired in black silk, and she wore an apron and a white cap. Her complexion was beautiful, her features were regular. But her comeliness was defaced by large blue spectacles and by the defectiveness of her teeth. Notwithstanding these blemishes, however, the housekeeper presented a very pleasing appearance, and as she approached her master, an expression of peace stole over his countenance.

"Allow me to look at your eyes," she said.

He permitted her, without reluctance, to do this, and, standing with her back to the light, she seemed to examine them attentively.

"I see nothing amiss, sir," said she in a tone which was at once cheerful and respectful.

"Nothing?" he rejoined. "No redness? no signs of inflammation?"

"None whatever, sir."

The master sighed.

"I am a very sensitive person," he remarked.

"Yes, sir."

"And I have a presentiment that my eyes may be sorely tried to-day, Catherine."

"Indeed, sir!"

"Yes, sorely tried. I should like to tell you why. Can you spare me half-an-hour?"

"I am at your service, sir."

"Then sit down, Catherine. I can't talk while you stand."

The housekeeper obeyed. She placed a chair at a modest distance from her master and seated herself, folding her hands meekly.

"I wish you didn't wear spectacles, Catherine!" said the gentleman.

"I am sorry to displease you, sir," returned she. "But they are essential to me."

"I beg your pardon. I am getting old, and you must excuse my crossness. To-day is my birthday. I am thirty-eight."

"Indeed, sir! You look much younger."

"Thank you, Catherine. You flatter me. But I am thirty-eight to-day, and in two years I shall be forty. It is a depressing thought. People of forty can no longer pretend to youth. I am growing old. Is it not so?"

"No, sir. I believe, if you could be induced to go into the cricket-field and take a bat—nay, if you could be persuaded to enter a ball-room and take a partner—that you would do as well as the youngest, and *feel* as young as you look."

"Catherine, beware!" cried he. "You don't know how you are tempting a man who has renounced society and given up all idea of enjoyment! Do you know that I was once the Captain of the Southernshire Muffs? And do you know that I was once considered the best dancer in Southernshire?"

"I am not surprised to hear it, sir."

"That is strange—since you have never known me as anything but a hypochondriacal book-worm."

"You take in the *Field*, sir, and I have often seen you absorbed in the cricketing news. And as to dancing, sir, no one can see you walk without knowing that you can dance!"

The master smiled.

"Yes, Catherine, I have been a great cricketer and a great dancer. I was jovial among men and polished among ladies. I was social and I loved society. I am not vain, but I should like you to know that many people expressed regret when I retired from the world."

"I don't wonder, sir."

"You are very kind, Catherine. Yes, they regretted my departure. Only one said nothing. Her unkindness wounded me and I fled."

"I am sorry for that," said the housekeeper.

"You are a faithful friend, Catherine, and I feel it due to you that I should tell you something of my past life. How many years is it since we have lived together in this solitary place?"

"It is only three months, sir."

"Only three months! Well, it must then be four months since I became the owner of this property—since I left the world and became a hypochondriacal book-worm. Before that, I was active and in good health. But I was poor; and not all my prowess in cricket and dancing could win my heart's desire. I loved, Catherine."

"Indeed, sir!"

"Yes, I loved. I loved my beautiful cousin Kate. But her father was rich and I dared not say to her, 'Come, share the poor barrister's crust.' So I loved, but did not speak."

"You loved her? I wonder how men love?"

"I loved her from the bottom of my heart. I liked to be always with her. I couldn't bear to see her talking to other men. I loved to give her presents. Catherine, I denied myself the necessaries of life to give her flowers and pretty things. She smiled sweetly and took them, and then she turned round and flirted with another man—a wretch called Lord Angelo."

"She turned and flirted at once, sir, do you mean?"

"No. She smiled on me for some years. Then Lord Angelo came into the neighborhood and she smiled on him. I was at a discount. She clapped her hands when he made one ridiculous run, and she looked aside while I was bowling down half a dozen wickets. And when Lady X. gave a ball she danced with Lord Angelo all the evening, and never once with me. She tore my heart to pieces, Catherine. We had been playmates from childhood, and she knew I loved her, and yet she turned voluntarily from me and gave herself to this miserable Angelo!"

"Gave herself! Did she become engaged to him, sir?"

"No. But she encouraged his attentions and slighted me. She may be engaged to him now—or even married to him. I do not care. She was heartless."

"Nay you must not abuse one woman to another. Supposing you misled the lady? Supposing she loved you and was mortified by your silence? Supposing she employed Lord Angelo as a bait to lure you on? To be sure, that is an old artifice and a stupid one. But when a woman loves—and thinks her lover half-hearted—even an old artifice may serve her turn."

"Half-hearted, Catherine! But I loved her so dearly that I went on thorns when I saw her with that little jackanapes!"

"That is how men love, sir. You cannot understand how she loved."

"But she did not love, Catherine."

"How are you sure of that, sir, if you never spoke to her?"

"She would have given me to understand had she loved me. We were cousins and very intimate."

"Ah, sir, the most intimate cousin is still a woman! Perhaps she thought that she did give you to understand, and you understood not. A woman's hint is sometimes too fine for a man to see. You should remember, sir, that when you deal with women, you deal with organisms so tender and delicate that no masculine eye but Shakespeare's has ever been able to detect their subtleties."

"Catherine, you speak from a noble heart! But I—who have loved—know more."

"It seems to me, sir, that you mistook manly jealousy for love, and womanly pride for indifference."

"You think she loved me?"

"It is not for me to express an opinion, sir."

"Oh, Catherine, if I thought—! But no—I must steel my wounded heart. You have not heard all. Four months ago my god-father died; he left me his fortune and this place. Suddenly I found I was a rich man."

"And—you hastened to your cousin, sir, and—told her of your fortune and asked her to share it?"

"Not so, Catherine. I employed finesse. I could not forget the monkey Angelo who had been always rich, and I determined to discover if she really loved me. So I went to her and said, 'Frankly, Kate, I love you well, and I live in two rooms in a narrow street, and I fare hardly, and when I go abroad, I walk or take an omnibus, and my pleasures are few and cheap. Will you share all this with me?"

"And did she say no, sir?"

"Not exactly. She flushed very red and rose up and said, 'John, how dare you treat me with such contempt?'—and she swept from the room, like a very duchess. For she is as tall as you are, Catherine, and when she chooses, very stately and majestic."

"And from this, sir, you think the lady does not love you?"

"Surely, my good Catherine! She reproached me for asking her to share my poverty."

"But you had become rich, sir."

"She did not know of that."

"Oh, sir, I think you must mistake. News travels fast. Mark my words: she *did* know, and, knowing, she did but mean, 'How dare you treat me with such contempt thus to employ finesse to discover if I love?' Sir, I tell you again that men know naught of the delicacy of a woman's sensibilities! Indeed, sir, I can but echo your cousin's words: How dared you try to deceive her? How dared you doubt her single-heartedness? How dared you try her nobility? Oh, fie, sir! How dared you approach the woman you loved with a falsehood upon your lips?"

"Catherine! you take away my breath!"

"I beg your pardon, sir. I apologise. I spoke warmly, sir, because my own heart felt very full. Your story reminds me of my own, and it recalls past days when—if I was not entirely happy—at least the hope of happiness lay before me. It was a cruel thrust which took that hope from me. Heaven help the poor lady whom you say you loved, if she has suffered as I have!"

"Whom I *say* I loved! Catherine, you go too far! Whom I *say* I loved! Why, I loved her so well that it is for her sake I have shut myself up here, seeing no one, going nowhere! Catherine, I believed you were my friend."

"I am indeed your friend, sir. But I am a woman, and my heart aches for the woman to whom my friend and master has given pain. I—who have endured the like—know how deeply you must have wounded her."

He sighed. "But she was over hasty with me. She went away at once, out of my reach. I meant no harm."

"Sir, the boy who plays with the pistol means no harm. But he may shoot some one to death, notwithstanding."

"She has made me no sign since."

"What sign would you have a proud woman make to a half-hearted lover, sir?"

"Catherine, your words are very bitter, but your face is kind. We were cousins. She might have sent for me, or written to me."

"May I remind you again that men do not understand women? I—who am also a proud woman and who also endured insult from a man—seem to know more of your cousin than you do."

"Catherine, your tongue is sharp. But tell me—for it kills me to dwell upon myself—what man has dared to insult you?"

"The man I loved, sir."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes, sir. I had loved him all my life. I only waited for him to speak. I loved him, sir, with a love of which you have no idea. The very world was sacred to me, because he dwelt in it. I thought of him morning, noon, and night. I fell asleep with his image before my eyes, and I awoke with his name upon my lips. If he gave me a rose-bud, I treasured its withered petals; if he touched my needle-work, it became hallowed to me. When he smiled, I was in heaven; when he talked, the society of the gods was mine. I saw no man but him. All other men were pigmies in my sight. He so possessed me that when I looked in the glass, I marvelled that my face was mirrored there and not his!"

"And this man did not return your love, Catherine?"

"He returned it, sir, as men do return love. He liked to monopolise me. He couldn't bear to see me talking to other men. He heaped me with presents and pretty things. He thought, poor fellow! that women like fans and gloves better than esteem and confidence. But he doubted me, sir. He played with my finest feelings. He tried to test my love—he, who did not know what love was!"

"He was a villain, Catherine. But how did he test your love?"

"Sir, he had been unsuccessful. Suddenly, he achieved a triumph. I heard of it, and my heart leapt; and I—who believed in him—thought he would come and offer me his fulness. He did come; but he tried to deceive me. He said, 'I am a disappointed man: will you share failure and mortification with me?' Oh, sir, it was a base and unworthy trick! I would have shared a hovel with him. But when he had a wide house——"

"He was a brute, Catherine! He deserved to be horse-whipped!"

"Ah, do not say so, sir! He was to me only what you were to your cousin."

"Catherine!"

"Yes, sir. You—both of you—handled the love of a woman to try its strength and its worth. Your touch was agony!"

"Oh Catherine—when I loved her so much!"

"When you *doubted* her so much, sir! You thought—as many men think—that a women who weds a rich man weds for riches."

The master groaned.

"Catherine, for the first time since you entered my service you have been cruel to me," he said.

"I ask your pardon, sir. I have overstepped my province. I must beg you to forget what I have said. I will leave you now, sir."

"Nay, wait a moment. I told you this was my birthday. It is also hers. She is exactly eight years my junior."

"Is she, sir!"

"I have a feeling that she may come and see me to-day. For many years we have kept this day together."

"Indeed, sir!"

"I would rather not see her, Catherine. As you say, I doubted her and I offended her. I believe that she will come. But she will come with reproaches, not with love. I cannot refuse to see her; but I would rather not look upon her face."

"It is not for me to offer advice, sir; but before you take a decided step, let me implore you to remember how little you know of a woman's heart. You angered your cousin, but no doubt she has long ago forgiven you, and would go to the North Pole, or journey through Sahara, with her hand in yours. Sir, I speak from my own heart and my own experience."

"Yes, Catherine. *You* have loved. My cousin does not know what love is. She go to the North Pole, or journey through Sahara with her hand in mine! No, no. She will come to-day; but she will never look kindly on me again. I cannot brook her scornful gaze. At the very thought, my eyes seem to burn. Surely, surely they are inflamed! Look again, Catherine!"

The housekeeper examined his eyes once more. "They look weak, sir," she said. "Your eyes should avoid contact with the light, sir. Would you allow me to bandage them?"

"Certainly, Catherine."

She rose and quitted the room, soon returning with a large silk handkerchief, with which she tied up her master's eyes.

"Can I do anything more for you, sir?" asked the housekeeper.

"No, thank you," he replied.

Then Catherine retired, and the master was left alone. He did not stir. He continued sitting where the housekeeper had left him, giving way to a profound and melancholy reverie.

"She did not love me," he thought to himself. "She is not a woman like Catherine, to love as Catherine loved. She never seemed unhappy. She was immeasurably angry with me for a small offence. And she has never written or taken any notice of me since I came here. No! I will not look upon her face again."

As he uttered this resolution aloud, a servant opened the door and announced that a lady wished to see him; and, ere he could reply, the rustling of a silken skirt made him aware that the lady had already entered the apartment. Then the door was closed. He and she were together, and alone.

"Why, John!" cried the lady.

"Is that you, Kate?" asked he.

"It is I, John. My dear John, what on earth is the matter with you? Are you ill? Why are your eyes bandaged?"

"Inflammation threatens them, Kate."

"Inflammation! I am very sorry. Are you in pain?"

"No. I am not exactly in pain. Sit down. It is kind of you to come and see me."

"I came because it is your birthday and mine, and we have always kept our birthdays together, John, since I was eight and you were sixteen."

"Thank you, Kate."

"Last year we had a picnic on this day."

"We had, Kate. You drove to the place in a dogcart—with Lord Angelo."

"Yes, John. No one else offered to drive me, if you recollect aright."

"I would have driven you with the greatest pleasure, had you suggested it."

"Indeed! Bien obligé, monsieur! I suppose you would also have danced with me at Lady X——'s ball—where you sulked all the evening in a corner—if I had suggested it! You are singularly gracious, John. But the end of the world is not yet and I am still a woman."

"Have you come all this way to reproach me, Kate?"

"No, John. I came to ask how you were, and if you enjoyed life in this secluded place."

"I do *not* enjoy life; and it is probable I shall never enjoy life again. I can do nothing but resign myself to my fate."

"It is not a bad fate: you are a rich man, and——"

"Pardon me, it is a very bad fate. I am separated for ever from the person I love best in the world."

"From the person you love best in the world! I wonder how men love, John?"

"Catherine expressed the same wonder half-an-hour ago."

"Catherine! Who is Catherine?"

"My housekeeper. The person from whose society I now derive my only happiness."

"Really, John, you astonish me!"

"Catherine is a lady, Kate. I engaged her, because in height and complexion she was like you."

"You flatter me, indeed! Is she like me in other respects?"

"Not very. She is older and graver, and she devotes herself to me."

"Where did she come from?"

"I don't know. She presented herself here, and I engaged her because she pleased me. As I told you, she reminded me of you."

"And do you really know nothing about her, John?"

"I *did* know nothing whatever, Kate. To-day she has told me a part of her private history. She has told me the story of her heart."

"Are you sure she is not a designing woman?"

"Quite, my dear Kate. What designs could she have?"

"She might design to win your affection, John."

"Nay, Kate. She has loved."

"Or thinks she has loved, John."

"I tell you, Kate, she has loved. If you had heard her passionate language, you would not doubt it. There is a depth in that woman's soul which no shallower mind could fathom."

"Which *I* could not fathom, you mean! Beware, John! You take a mighty interest in this Catherine."

"I do. She makes my life happy—that is, as happy as it ever can be now.

"Some day you will make her an offer, John."

"I! I make an offer to any woman! No, Kate. Never again!"

"Some day, I say, John, you will make her an offer, and, as a cousin, I will give you a piece of advice. Couch your offer in honest words. Be a man, and don't fancy you are only acceptable because you are rich. Remember that a woman who weds a rich man does not necessarily wed for riches."

"That is the very thing she said just now, Kate."

"Is it? She is a wise person, then, and a true woman."

"She is, indeed, a true woman. Alas, that such a woman should have misplaced her affections! She loved a fellow, who tried to keep a secret from her—who came to her, pretending to be other than he was—the scoundrel!"

"Now, don't abuse him, John! It seems to me that he only behaved to Catherine as you behaved to me."

"You are cruel, Kate. Would you compare me to the villain who insulted Catherine?"

"I cannot say. Ask Catherine what she thinks—she, in whose soul, as it appears there are depths my shallow mind——"

"Nay! Not even Catherine shall come between your image and me."

"Thank you, John. It is pleasant to know that when you are about to wed Catherine, you can still think kindly of Kate!"

"I am not about to wed Catherine. She is my good friend, but she will never be my wife. No, not even if you marry Lord Angelo."

"I marry Lord Angelo!"

"Yes. Are you not going to do so?"

"Certainly not. What! Marry Lord Angelo—an empty-headed flirt, a well-dressed nonentity! No, no, John! When I marry, my husband shall be a man of sense. I have seen such a man once, and he is not Lord Angelo.

"Who is he?"

"Well, John, he is about your age and height, and your size. And he is clever, and has read a thousand books, and he knows everything, and people call him a rising man; and yet he can run and row, and ride and play cricket, and even dance, with the best."

"Upon my word, he must be an Admirable Crichton!"

"He is, John."

"And do you love the fellow?"

"Well, John, I leave you to judge. I love him so well that the world is sacred to me because he dwells in it. I think of him night and day. I fall asleep with his image before my eyes, and I awake with his name on my lips. If he gives me a flower, I treasure its withered petals; if he touches my needlework, it becomes hallowed to me. When he smiles, I am in heaven; when he talks, the society of the gods is mine. I see no man but him. All other men seem to me like pigmies. He so possesses me that when I look in the glass, I marvel to see my own face there, and not his!"

"Why Catherine said those very things of the man she loved!"

"I am not surprised. We are both women; and when a woman loves, this is how she loves!"

"But this fellow, Kate! Who is he?"

"Who is Catherine's false lover, John?"

"I don't know. I never asked. I didn't care to ask. Why should I—what is Catherine to me? Who is the man whom you love, Kate? Good heavens! I could strangle him! Who is he, I say? Strange he should turn up the moment I went away!"

"Don't excite yourself, John! You will increase the inflammation in your eyes."

"But who is the fellow? You are killing me! Who—who, I say, has won your heart? Who is he?"

"Who is the fellow? Why, John, he is the man who wouldn't drive to her birthday picnic, and who wouldn't ask Kate to dance at Lady X——'s ball! He is the cleverest man in all England, and the most athletic—the Captain of the Southernshire Muffs, and——"

John tore the bandage from his eyes, and lo, Catherine—in her white cap and apron—stood before him! But her teeth were like pearls, and she had eyes that danced, and her blue spectacles lay beside her on the table.

"Catherine! Kate!" he stammered.

"Oh, John, forgive me!" she cried, with tears and laughter. "When you went away, I couldn't bear it, and it was Kate who came to you in spectacles and a wig.

and with patches of black on her teeth, and always a piece of ivory in her mouth to alter her voice, and it is Kate who has been Catherine for three months. Oh John, I couldn't help it, and though you do think me so unlike, and though I was so angry with you, I would go to the North Pole, or journey through Sahara, with my head on yours!"

"So this is how women love!" said John, after they were married. "I should have mourned my life away. You came and took me by storm."

## A Positive Claimant.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

I AM a barrister in moderate practice, and was living a couple of years ago—being then recently married—at No. 12 Benedict Road, Notting Hill. The household consisted of my wife, Adelaide; my mother-in-law, Mrs. West; and myself, Mr. Samuel Sharpley; and it may be necessary to remark that in spite of the rule that applies to mothers-in-law we were not an unhappy family—a statement which need not occasion much surprise when it is remembered that in some traveling menageries a cat, a dog, and a monkey are trained to live in the same cage.

While I was engaged at my professional duties, my wife used frequently to go out shopping with her mother, and on this occasion they entered a large silk mercer's in Regent Street in order to select some dress material.

There were a large number of people in the shop at the time, and, while waiting to be attended to, my wife noticed a tall, rather showily dressed lady who was intently regarding her.

Now it is not pleasant to be stared at under any circumstances, but especially by a hard-featured woman of forbidding aspect such as this person happened to be, so my wife turned her chair right round to face in the opposite direction.

Then having made the required purchase, she gave the shopman her address as Mrs. Samuel Sharpley, 12, Benedict Road, and was proceeding to leave the shop with her mother when the stranger advanced and stood before her.

"I really beg your pardon," she said, "but you are wearing a brooch exactly like one I lost a few days ago, and I should like to ask how it came into your possession."

Now I should explain that this brooch was a rather valuable one of uncommon design, the centre being a Maltese cross of pearls in double row, round which was a circle of turquoises; and it had been bought by Mrs. West for her daughter when on a visit to Paris previous to our marriage. That young lady being then Miss Adelaide West, had her monogram "A. W." engraved on the back of the brooch in small characters, but on becoming Mrs. Sharpley this had been erased and "A. S." substituted.

She was rather annoyed at this disagreeable *rencontre*, and with an angry flush in her face she replied that the brooch had been purchased two years previous, and could not be possibly the one in question. But the strange lady persisted.

"At least," she said, "you can have no objections to show it to me. I certainly thought there was not another like it in London."

"You can see it for yourself," replied my wife; "there is no occasion for me to take it off.

"But I should like to see the back of it," said the other, "partly out of curiosity, and partly to convince me that it is not my own."

"You have no right to doubt my word, but if it is any satisfaction you may examine it for yourself," and the brooch was handed to the stranger, not without serious misgivings that she would immediately bolt with it.

At the first glance the lady's face assumed an indignant expression. "Why," said she, "this is the very one, only somebody has erased my initials and put this monogram in their place. I am Miss Anna Munkittrick, and the letters "A. M." were on the inside of the brooch. I value it particularly, because it was given to me by an old friend."

"Oh! that is impossible," said my wife: "if you had one like it at all it is simply a coincidence, for I tell you I have had it for over two years, so I will just trouble you to return it."

"Well, I don't know about that," said Miss Munkittrick, "but as I heard your name and address just now, I will return it for the present, and communicate with you through my solicitor."

Mrs. West, who had remained silent all the time, being, perhaps, too astonished to speak, here remarked that Miss Munkittrick need not take the trouble to do so, as she herself purchased the brooch for her daughter; but as that terrible person vouchsafed no reply except a slight moderation of her nose, the two ladies were obliged to retire from the shop in a state of indignation and disgust. Both were firmly of the opinion that Miss Munkittrick, as she called herself, was a rank impostor, for it was highly improbable that her brooch also should have a date on the back. It was not usual, and she had said nothing about it until she saw the initials on this one; they argued, she was a very designing female, and anyone could see at a glance that she was a professional swindler.

On arriving home that evening, I was met by a long face and a long story, told by two excited ladies at once, together with a request amounting to a command that I would immediately set about prosecuting this audacious female. I listened patiently as in duty bound, but, as I told them, I could not see that the lady had done anything criminal. She had asserted that she had lost a brooch exactly like my wife's, and she believed it to be the same. She might or might not be speaking the truth, but as she had not attempted to keep the brooch nothing was to be done but to wait the course of events.

Miss Munkittrick appeared to have lost no time, for the next morning brought a letter from Dodge & Son, threatening legal proceedings unless the brooch was given up, which, I suppose, meant a police court summons.

Now, of course I was fully aware that Miss Munkittrick had no grounds to work upon, and that the case would be dismissed but, at the same time, it would be very unpleasant for me, or the members of my family, to go before a magistrate.

I accordingly wrote to the solicitors explaining the facts, and showing that their client was altogether under a misapprehension. However, it turned out either that Miss Munkittrick was very obstinate, or Messrs. Dodge & Son wished to make costs, for on the following day, which was Thursday, I received summons to appear on Monday and show cause why I should not render up certain property of the complainant, to wit, a brooch. I may here remark that Mrs. Samuel Sharpley is a brave little woman, who was never afraid of anything short of a full-grown mouse; and her parent, Mrs. West, has all the courage and determination of a mother-in-law; but when I explained that it might be necessary for them to appear in court to give evidence, their courage forsook them, and they wished to surrender. It would be so humiliating, they said, to go before a magistrate, and Adelaide's nerves were not strong, neither were her mother's who would be upset for a week by it. After all, they said, it was better to lose the value of a few pounds than be subjected to such annoyance. My legal mind, however, revolted against the adoption of this course, and I told them that probably my own evidence would be sufficient. But even this did not satisfy them, and they thought that if I called at Miss Munkittrick's residence—which appeared from the summons to be 55, Cranberry Crescent, South Kensington—and talked a little common law to her she might be induced to withdraw, so highly were my abilities estimated.

Of course I could not follow this suggestion, but contented myself with leaving instructions to my solicitor, after which I did not allow the subject to interfere with my rest.

Not so my unhappy better-half, whose slumbers were disturbed with dreams in which stolen jewelry, magistrates, policemen and "audacious females" took a prominent part. At length came Sunday, and on our return from church, at half past twelve o'clock, we saw a cab waiting at the door, which rather surprised us, as we were not expecting a maiden aunt from the country, or anything of that kind. On our entrance, however, we were still more surprised to learn from the servant that Miss Munkittrick wished to see Mrs Sharpley for a few minutes on particular business. Adelaide drew me aside before going in, and imparted to me her firm conviction that the woman had come to see if she could frighten us into giving up the brooch without getting into court, so it was agreed that I should be present at the interview. When we entered the drawing-room I found that my wife's description of Miss Munkittrick was not exaggerated.

She was an unprepossessing female, with masculine features, and a nose rather Roman in type. She was standing looking out of the window, and nervously swinging her parasol, being evidently impatient to get the interview over. Not even commencing with "good morning," she plunged into the matter at once on our entrance.

"Mrs. Sharpley, I've come to apologise. Of course, I'm very much to blame, but you must hear all about it before you say anything. First of all I must tell you that I found my brooch—only this morning, though. Here it is."

We looked at it and found it was a *facsimile* of the other.

"I must explain," she continued, "that I lost it about a month ago, one day when I was out walking with my dog. This dog of mine is a large Newfoundland, and I often bring him out in the forenoon for an airing, always chaining him up afterwards myself. On this occasion I brought him out to his kennel as usual before removing my bonnet; and I recollect he was very boisterous, jumping and frisking about me, so that he must have managed to loosen my brooch. At any rate, when I entered the house I missed it, and it did strike me that it might be on the ground near the kennel, but when I went to look I couldn't find it, and I concluded it had been lost in the street, and a reward was offered, of course without result. Well, it happened this morning that my brother had let the dog loose to hunt an unfortunate rat, and thinking it had got under the kennel, he removed it, and, sure enough the brooch was there, though the rat was not."

We admitted that the incident was very singular, and my wife went to fetch her own brooch to compare with the other.

We found they were the same in make and pattern, but the pearls were not of the same shade, and the initials were differently placed, being nearer to the hinge of the pin in Miss Munkittrick's than in ours. However, it must be acknowledged that the coincidence was remarkable.

Our visitor expressed her regret so sincerely, and my wife was so glad to have the affair so agreeably terminated, that when Mrs. West came in to hear the explanation, cordiality reigned supreme. So it turned out that both ladies had been in the wrong, though both were positive—Miss Munkittrick that my wife had possession of her brooch, and my wife that the former lady was a professional swindler.

Eventually they became fast friends, for not only was Miss Munkittrick a well-connected and well-informed woman, but she also proved to be an agreeable companion; thus another instance was furnished in the support of the proverb which says "appearances are deceptive."

## The Bracelet of Hair.

BY JAMES H. MEARS.

I WAS travelling from Strasburg to the Springs of Louesche, and of course went to Basle; there I left the public conveyance, and requested the landlord at the "Hotel of the Crown," where I passed the night, to ascertain if there was anyone who felt inclined to travel with me, and by taking a carriage together, make the journey of both agreeable, and at the same time less expensive. My host returned with the information that the wife of a merchant, who had just lost her child only a few months old, had become so ill in consequence of this loss that her physician had ordered her to go at once to Louesche. He pitied the lady the good man said, for the child was the first born of the young couple, and the husband and wife doted each other. The wife was in despair at the idea of leaving her husband—he could not accompany her, and then the physician insisted on her going as quickly as possible to the Springs therefore it had been decided that she, with her waiting-maid, would go the next morning with me. Another passenger took the fourth seat.

The next morning we witnessed the fond farewell of the husband and wife. The lady, unquestionably, had some presentiment, for she could not be consoled. Anyone would have supposed that the journey in question was at least around the world instead of a few leagues.

The husband was calmer than she, but still more moved than a separation of a few weeks seemed to justify.

At last we started.

Of course we gave the lady and her servant the best places, and we ourselves sat with our backs to the horses. All day our fair companion was nervous and anxious, and in the evening, on meeting a carriage, returning to Basle, her maid had great difficulty in persuading her not to take it. The next day, as we were approaching Soleure, our invalid started.

"Stop!" she said; "someone is calling us! Someone is coming after us!"

I leaned out of the window.

"You are mistaken, madame," said I; "the road is entirely vacant."

"It is very strange," said she. "I distinctly hear the gallop of a horse."

I looked again.

"No one is visible," I repeated.

She herself looked.

"I was mistaken," she said, throwing herself back in her seat, and closing her eyes with the air of a person who is tired of a subject, and wishes to think.

The following morning we started earlier, and at five in the afternoon the lady suddenly awakened from sleep, and exclaimed, "Stop! This time I am sure that someone is hurrying after us!"

"Madame is mistaken," said the driver; "there is no one behind us but three peasants."

"I hear a horse!"

These words were uttered with such entire conviction, that I again looked from the window.

As before, the road was completely deserted.

"It is impossible," said I. "There is no horseman within sight."

"How can that be," she answered, "when I see the shadow of both horse and man?"

I looked in the direction in which she pointed, and saw distinctly the shadows of which she spoke, but in vain did I look for the bodies to which they belonged.

We entered Berne, the poor lady in a panic of superstitious terror, and frantic to return to her husband and her home. Nevertheless, she continued her journey.

Whether from the natural progress of her disease, or from her mental anxieties, the lady became so ill after reaching Thurn that she was compelled to pursue her journey in a litter, and on her arrival at Louesche she was dangerously ill for more than a month.

Her presentiments had been only too well founded, for her husband had been seized, within a few hours after her departure, by a brain fever. The malady had made such rapid progress that the same day he sent a courier on horseback to beg her to return. Between Laufen and Bretenbach the horse had stumbled, thrown his rider, and so injured him that he was carried to an inn, and was able only to send word to his master that he could go no further.

Another courier was at once despatched, but they seemed to be pursued by a fatality, for at Schwalbach he was crushed by an avalanche—the guide escaping as by a miracle.

During all these delays the fever had increased; the poor man's head had been shaved, to apply ice. Up to that time the poor fellow had cherished some hope of recovery; but now he took advantage of an interval of calmness, and wrote to his wife a few lines:—

"DEAR BERTHA,—I am dying, but I cannot make up my mind to leave you entirely. Have a bracelet made of the hair that has been cut from my head—wear it always, and we shall seem to be once more united."

He himself gave this letter to a tried courier, with the direction that he should take it to his wife as soon as he had expired.

The widow returned home, and I accompanied her.

She asked for the hair. The physician remembered that the head of his patient had been shaved—the barber remembered doing so; but that was all. The hair was lost.

The wife was in despair. The only wish of her husband could not be obeyed.

Days and nights passed away—the nights more sad even than the days; the heart-broken wife wandered through the house, more like a ghost than a living being.

As soon as she lay down, or rather as soon as she felt asleep, she felt her right arm chilled and benumbed. This sensation commenced at the wrist, around which she felt a pressure as of an iron bracelet.

It was evident that the dead man was displeased that his commands had been neglected.

The widow resolved to open the grave, and, if her husband's head had not been entirely shorn, she hoped to obtain hair enough for a bracelet.

She sent for the gravedigger, without letting anyone know of her intentions; but the one who had buried her husband was dead, and his successor did not know where the tomb was. Then, longing and hoping for a revelation, she who, by the appearance of the mounted courier,—she who by the pressure of an invisible bracelet on her wrist, had a right to believe in omens, went alone to the cemetery, and seated herself on a green hillock, and waited for some sign that should tell her what next to do.

The Dance of Death was painted on the walls of the cemetery. She looked at the principal figure—the skeleton, at once so grotesque and horrible.

Then she saw Death lift his long arm, and with its forefinger point to one particular tomb in the midst of others.

The widow rose and went to this tomb, and then the arm of the skeleton fell at his side. She made a mark on the tomb.

She brought the gravedigger.

"Here!" she said.

I was present at the opening of the tomb, for I was anxious to follow to the end this singular adventure.

The gravedigger hesitated to raise the lid of the coffin.

"Quick!" cried the wife; "my husband lies within."

He obeyed, for the woman had such entire self-confidence that we were all led by her.

Not only was the body that of her husband; not only were all the features unchanged; but although his head had been shorn the day of his death, the hair had so grown that in its abundance it filled all the space left in the coffin.

Then the poor wife threw herself on the corpse, which did not resemble death. She kissed the brow, and cut off his hair, which had grown so wonderfully.

The bracelet was made, and from that day the tormenting ghost ceased. Only at times, when she was in danger, she felt a slight pressure from the bracelet as if in friendly warning.

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THE first materials converted into ensilage in France, where the silo was introduced, were beet leaves and the tender branches of grape vines. Soon afterward the pulp of beets, from which sugar had been extracted, alfalfa and maize, or Indian corn, were added to the list of materials to be preserved. On the introduction of the silo into this country the immature stalks and leaves of corn produced by sowing the seed broadcast or in drills were employed. A fashion once set is as likely to become general in agriculture as anything else. As a consequence, corn fodder has generally been employed for this purpose.

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THE following appeared in the editorial columns of the Salem (Mass.) *Observer* and was written by one of the proprietors of that journal:

"The writer desires to call the attention of the readers of the *Observer* to an article known as 'Compound Oxygen,' manufactured and sold by Drs. Starkey & Palen, of Philadelphia. He speaks from personal knowledge, having sought relief from nervous prostration for a number of years by the methods ordinarily employed. Temporary relief was sometimes obtained, but nothing permanent was effected until he was induced to try 'Compound Oxygen.' The relief afforded by this remedy was so unmistakable and effectual in its operation that even now it excites a feeling of wonder and mystery. The appetite was improved sound and restful sleep was induced, and general toning up of the whole system was the result, while my weight was greater than ever before, and where work had been for months a heavy burden it is now accomplished with comparative ease and pleasure. These results continue after a long abstinence from the use of Compound Oxygen.

"This is not a paid notice. It is written without the advice or knowledge of any one, in the interest of any reader of the *Observer* who may have been unable to obtain relief by the use of ordinary remedies. Any further information will be cheerfully given by the writer, or may be secured by addressing Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 Girard St., Philadelphia, who will send their treatise on Compound Oxygen free.

"F. A. FIELDEN."

# Our Young Folks.

## BABY'S FIRST SNOW.

BY A. J. BRADLEY.

Baby was only two years old,
And a dear little thing was she;
Her childish laugh was heard all day
As she filled the house with glee.

Once while [illegible] the snow came down
[illegible] all about from sight,
[illegible]
With [illegible], sparkling bright.

Baby soon noticed the fair fleecy flakes,
And she crowed with delight, until
Her mother, to please the sweet joy of her heart
Held her up on the window sill.

"O! Mamma, mamma," the darling cried,
Pulling hard at her apron strings,
"Don't you think that the dear good angels above
Are ripp'in' their bootiful wings?"

## HOW BESS WAS FOUND.

BY JULIA A. GODDARD.

"I DON'T believe a word of it, Bun," said old Brownie; "you have been dreaming."

Then Bun drooped his ears and sank down on the ground and looked a very unhappy hare.

Dreaming! If Brownie had heard the concert he would have known that there was no dreaming about it.

"Philomela was the *prima donna*," murmured Bun, "her trills and cadences were wonderful."

"Nonsense," said Brownie contemptuously.

Bun's ears went lower, yet he ventured to say—

"Larkerelli sang well, she could go a note higher than Philomela, and Linetta was delightful."

"You are mad," said Brownie, gravely, "a mad March hare; let me hear no more of this. It is a past joke."

"It isn't a joke, it's all true," returned Bun, meekly; "I'm going again to night—

"Where the meadow dew is sweet,
And the birds together meet,
For their singing is a treat."

"He must be watched," said Brownie to himself.

* * * * * *

The sun was setting, and the pools and streams were glorious with crimson and purple and glittering gold. But Bun had found a shady nook where in the water below he could see himself. He thought he was alone, but Brownie was surveying him, and following him closely.

Through the bracken, through the brushwood. And how dark it was getting! Darker, darker——no, lighter and lighter; the trees all sparkled with light; tiny lights were dotted all over them, and tiny dots of light were sailing about in the air. Those were the fire-flies. And suddenly came a burst of music, in the midst of which the nightingale poured forth her sweetest song.

Brownie now got nearer and nearer; he pricked up his ears—he shook his head. Was he growing as mad as Bun? He did not know; but the music was enchanting.

Suddenly Bun looked round and caught sight of Brownie. Inspirited by the music he no longer feared him; so he nodded to him and said—

"Come with me, I have a place in the grand circle."

Brownie followed quietly; it was indeed true all that Bun had said. Bun moved forward with quite an air, and room was made for him.

The audience was mainly composed of hares, rabbits, squirrels, dormice, and a few weasels.

But where did all the glow-worms come from? for thousands and thousands were studding the arching trees.

Hush! A concerted piece. Soft and low began the music of the insects, the hum of the bee, the whirr of the grasshopper, the booming buss of the bluebottle, the shrill chirp of the cricket, mingling with the notes of the birds, melted into one great flood of harmonious sound.

"Those are cantanets," whispered Brownie as a jerky passage suddenly broke in upon the smoother melody.

"Peasants," answered Bun, "they play them."

The piece came to an end. Brownie was breathless with admiration.

But if the piece was charming, how very much more so was the sweet voice of Philomela.

And Bun's ears went up, so did Brownie's.

The cadences were wonderful, and though the song was in a foreign language, both listened intently.

"Ha!" exclaimed Brownie, suddenly springing up and standing on his hind legs.

"Are you mad also?" whispered Bun. "Sit down; everyone is looking at you."

"Do you not hear? do you not understand? she speaks to me. She tells me how she was lost, how she may be found? Ha! ha! ha!"

"Nonsense," returned Bun, "you are a mad March hare; sit down, sit down."

"Bess! Bess!" cried the excited Brownie.

Then suddenly everything vanished, and Brownie and Bun were left alone in the forest.

* * * * * *

Moonlight now, and all the trees were turned to silver, and the water-lilies opened their silver cups, and rocked gently on broad silver leaves.

"And I have lost the key-note," said Brownie, wringing his paws.

"They turned her into a nightingale,
They taught her how to sing,
They put a golden crown on her head,
And gave her a golden ring."

Bun listened in surprise, and Brownie went on:

"The rat was in the pantry,
Looking for something nice,
When he saw a monstrous gingerbread cat,
And fled away in a trice."

"Brownie, old Brownie," said Bun, shaking him gently. But Brownie continued—

"He fled far into the summer woods,
And there he saw them take her.
She was sung in a net and was fast asleep,
And the fairies did not wake her."

"Who was in a net? Who was taken?" asked Bun.

"Bess, Bess! cannot you guess?
She was taken away from the others,
Tiny and Fluff and Puss and Puff
And half a dozen dear little brothers.
We sought to find her, but all in vain,
So we thought by a cruel fox she was slain.

"But what has that to do with Philomela? I should very much like to know."

"Philomela! there is no Philomela, it is Bess; the rat knows—he was a water-rat."

Splash, splash, bubble, bubble! Were the water-lilies going to land? But the water-lilies swept by singing—

"Philomela, sad, forlorn,
For her parents now doth mourn."

"Even the lilies know about it. Good lilies, do you know a rat who fled from a large pastry cat? Ginger-bread really," added Brownie.

The lilies floated by.

"I'm the rat," said a voice beside them. He was a small rat, but he was growing so fast that he soon became four times the size of Brownie.

"I'm not afraid of anyone," said he, so fiercely that the hares shrank back.

"Oh, no, of course not," said Brownie timidly, "but if you are the rat Bess sang about you can help me."

"Go home," said the rat.

"But—" began Brownie, looking frightened.

"Go home," said the rat, becoming six times his previous size, and showing his teeth.

The two hares turned and fled, and the rat's voice reached them in the distance, muttering—

"A pastry cat! a gingerbread cat!
But the hares have fled before the rat.

* * * * * *

On the branch of a blackthorn in the forest sat Philomela. Her song was sweet, but mournful, though some of the fairies laughed very heartily as they listened. Nevertheless, one or two wiped away their tears with their pocket-handkerchiefs made of cobwebs.

Thus sang Philomela—

"Oh, would I were a hare again
Amongst the fields of clover fair,
With parents fond and sisters kind
And all my brothers gathered there
I sit and sing upon a tree,
And pixies greet me o'er and o'er:
But in my heart I sigh and sigh—
Oh, would I were a hare once more!

I saw my father in the hall,
His voice rose high above the band
He called me Bess—but ah! alas!
His Bess was exalted in Fairyland.
I long to see the friends of old,
To see the dear old home of yore,
To leap among the clover fields—
Oh, would I were a hare once more!"

"Why it is better to be a singing princess, Philomela," said the queen.

And Philomela answered, "Your Majesty would pine for Fairyland if you were carried away captive."

"I had not thought of that," said the queen.

Splash, splash, splutter. Was there a volcano under the water? Up rose the monster water-rat, and said—

"I saw you take her,
You didn't wake her,
You carried her off asleep;
Now let her go,
For you must know,
If you don't she'll weep, weep, weep."

"For ever and ever," sighed Philomela.

"I did not think it was stealing," said the queen.

"It was, though, of course," answered the water-rat.

The queen was silent for some minutes. Then she said, "Philomela, you shall go."

And in an instant Philomela disappeared, but in her place was a beautiful brown hare with soft, shining eyes, who crouched on the ground beside the fairy queen, who stroked its long ears and said—

"I brought you hither; and so I will take you back."

* * * * * *

Far in the woods the forester's child was gathering flowers. She was kneeling beside a stream gathering the blue forget-me-nots that grew in masses along the banks, dreaming all sorts of fairy visions, for she was a fanciful child and sought out all the little fairy rings in the forest, wishing that she could see the little people dancing in the moonlight.

Ah! was she dreaming now? What wonderful sight was before her? A beautiful brown hare saddled and bridled with gold, and on its back sat a tiny lady.

"Woosh, woh!" said the little lady, pulling up the hare as though it had been a steed. "What are you doing here little maiden, crossing my path? All mortals ought to flee when the queen of the fairies is out riding."

"Are you the queen of the fairies?" asked Liz, who was by no means abashed or surprised. "I am glad to see you."

The fairy queen smiled, saying—

"Up! mount and you shall see a sight
In Hareland on the pale moonlight."

"But there is nothing for me to mount," replied Liz.

"There's room for two on the hare, Liz," answered the queen.

Liz wondered how the fairy came to know her name; and as she looked at the handsome brown hare she thought it would be more fitting for her to carry it than for it to carry her.

"No, Liz, no," said the queen, "you could not do it. Just try."

And Liz tried to lift up the hare, but it was so heavy that she could not move it.

"Try again," said the queen.

But this time as Liz touched the hare she suddenly felt herself shrinking down, down until she was no bigger than the queen, so she sprang up behind her, and away they rode. Whither?

* * * * * *

By this time Bun and Brownie had almost reached home.

"What is that blaze of light in the distance?" said Bun.

"Why the clover-field is on fire," cried Brownie, "my wife, my little ones, will all be burned, and then I shall have lost all even as I have lost Bess."

But as Bun and Brownie drew nearer they saw that around the clover-field a hedge of cornflowers and poppies had sprung up, and that myriads and myriads of fire-flies were hovering about it. And in the middle of the field was a throne of silver, on which the fairy queen was seated, whilst Bess crouched at her feet. The queen still held the golden bridle, and every now and then stroked Bess's soft ears and forehead.

Brownie darted forward, and the queen put the golden bridle into his paw.

"I have brought back Bess at last," said the queen in a gentle voice.

Brownie sank on his paws and said—

"Thanks, thanks, your Majesty."

The queen patted him on the back, saying—

"Get up, good Brownie, and make merry, for all your friends are here."

And so they were, and many more besides. Brownie wondered how they had been brought there so quickly. Liz, too, wondered, for she had never seen so many hares together before, and more and more were coming. And there was music, and the hares began to dance, and as they whirled round and round, the poppy hedge grew brighter and brighter, until it was so dazzling that Liz had to shut her eyes, and when she opened them again she found herself kneeling beside the stream in the forest, with a great heap of forget-me-nots beside her.

"The queen must have brought me back," she said, "for I am sure I was not dreaming. I wonder what we rode upon; for Bess was left with her father."

Yes—whether Liz had been dreaming or not, there was one thing quite certain, namely, that Bess had returned to rejoice the heart of Brownie, and was now revelling in the clover-fields of Hareland.

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A NOVEL COUNTERSIGN.—During a recent campaign, the pickets of a certain regiment found considerable difficulty in preventing the men from absenting themselves without leave—a circumstance for which the large contingent of pretty girls of the town—small blame to them—were chiefly accountable.

One particularly sultry evening, while the sentinels were pacing their beats with their tongues fairly hanging out of their mouths with heat, and wondering whether the pirates in the mess tent would drink every last drop of beer before the "relief" came, one of the guards observed a private approaching, who was staggering along under the combined load of much conviviality and an enormous watermelon under each arm.

"Who goes there?"

"Friend," responded the truant.

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign."

"Hain't got no countersign," amiably replied the watermelon man; "but I'll give yer—er—a watermelon!"

Pretty soon the officer of the day came round to the sentinel, who was absorbed in munching a huge piece of watermelon stuck on the end of his bayonet, and said:

"Did I not pass you just now?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did he give you the countersign?" inquired the lieutenant, taking a bite at the fruit presented to him.

"Well, no," said the sentinel, confidently; "The password was 'Cholera,' but he said 'Watermelon,' so I passed him and put the other half in your tent."

"Did, eh?" mused the officer. "Hum! watermelon, eh? Well, I suppose that was near enough!"

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A BROOKLYN shopkeeper advertises roller skates and court plaster. He has a keen eye for the eternal fitness of things.

## SENTENCED TO DEATH.

WHILE Italy was a province of his empire, a mutiny broke out in the garrison of Leghorn, of so serious a character as to excite in a high degree Napoleon's indignation. He was no friend of insubordination, and resolved to crush it in the bud, and make a terrible example of the culprits. Joachim Murat was charged with this painful duty, and he set off for Leghorn without delay.

When he arrived there, the insurrection had spent itself, and shame and remorse succeeded a temporary forgetfulness. However, the Emperor's orders were strict, and punishment must be inflicted.

Murat therefore called the soldiers together, and, after reproaching them bitterly for their offence, required that the ringleaders of the mutiny should be given up, otherwise ten men out of every battalion would be drawn by lot and shot. The soldiers hung their heads, and professed themselves ready to submit to any punishment their Emperor might inflict upon them, but begged them not to force them to turn informers against their comrades.

Murat would not yield, and the ten men whose names were drawn were about to be carried off when three soldiers stepped to the front, and avowed themselves the instigators of the revolt. There was so much shame and contrition expressed by the old soldiers that Murat was deeply moved. He stood silent awhile, then ordered the three criminals to be taken to prison, to be shot the next morning.

That same night, when everything was quiet except the measured step of the patrol and the cry of the sentinels on the walls, Murat was seated in his apartment, while before him stood three grizzled veterans, cap in hand, weeping like children. It was not death that the heroes of Arcole and Marengo feared; it was to be disgraced, to die the death of traitors; they wept, not for their fate, but for their crime!

"Listen!" said Murat. "I believe you are really sorry for what you have done, and I want to save your lives. To-morrow, at daybreak, you will be led out to execution, outside the city. I will take care there shall be no spectators. The platoon will fire on you with blank cartridges, and you must fall down and remain motionless, till they march off the ground. A trusty man will be ready to put you into a close carriage; a vessel sails to-morrow for America, on board of which you will embark. Here is a purse of gold for each of you. Will you promise to behave yourselves?"

Everything happened as it had been arranged; and Napoleon thanked Murat for having taken the lives of only three of his soldiers. The circumstances remained a secret until 1830, when Prince Achille Murat, the son of the ex-king of Naples, walking one day in the suburbs of New Orleans, was caught in a shower. He sought refuge in the nearest house, a small and plain one; a man and wife with their children, were the only inhabitants.

The man had an austere yet good-natured face, and that stiffish walk which an old soldier can never get rid of. The prince remarked that his host eyed him fixedly, and seemed greatly agitated.

The prince, on the other hand, sitting by the humble hearth, cast his eyes round the room with the idle curiosity of a man who has nothing to do. He rose, for he saw on the walls some coarse engravings of Napoleon's generals and battles. Above them were placed, under a laurel crown, two portraits of Murat—one as general, the other as king.

"Have you ever served France?" asked the prince.

"Yes, sir," answered his host, not without embarrassment.

"Where? and under whom?"

"In Italy, under General Murat."

The son of the soldier-king held out his hand to his father's old comrade.

"Your name, my brave fellow?"

"Claude Gerard; might I ask, sir——"

"I am Achille Murat."

"It is true, then, and my eyes did not deceive me! You are the son of my general, of my king, of my saviour! If I am now alive, if I have a wife and children, I owe it to him, and to him alone," and thereupon the old soldier told the story we have sketched down, often interrupting it with blessings and exclamations of gratitude.

The prince, whose singular character and aversion to society led him to leave the city and wander about in the country, never, while he remained in America, found any roof more welcome, and visited none oftener, than that which covered the humble abode of his father's old companion in arms.

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ALL HOT FROM THE MINT!—Many years ago, in consequence of a commercial panic, there was a severe run on a bank in South Wales, and the small farmers jostled each other in crowds to draw out their money. Things were rapidly going from bad to worse, when bank-manager, in a fit of desperation, suddenly bethought him of an expedient.

By his directions a clerk, having heated some coins in a frying-pan, paid them over the counter to an anxious applicant.

"Why, they're quite hot!" said the latter, as he took them up.

"Of course," was the reply; "what else could you expect? They're only just out of the mould. We're coining them by hundreds as fast as we can."

"Coining them!" thought the simple agriculturists. "Then there is no fear of the money running short!"

With this their confidence revived, the panic abated, and the bank was enabled to weather the storm.

### THE BURDEN OF THE DAY.

BY SHIRLEY WYNNE.

How are they faded—all the morning glows
That changed the landscape to a fairy scene—
The sun-bright mists of amber, blue, and rose
That prophesied a joy that ne'er hath been!

The hills that, like Jerusalem the Blest,
Seemed made of precious gems too dazzling bright
For aught but angel-feet thereon to rest—
How have they lost their evanescent light!

The rapture of the morning hours, the fire
Of heav'n's own tears within the rose's heart,
The wind-notes thrilling like a seraph's lyre—
Where have they gone? When did they all depart?

The radiant hopes, pure as the unblown bud
Of June's own lily, that once rose so high
With every flood-tide of the pulsing blood—
How are they perished—perished in a sigh!

For it is noon—yes, only noon: the way
Spreads dull and dry beneath the clouded sun;
Sore are the heat and burden of the day,
And we must bear until the day is done.

The poetry of Life is o'er, the prose
Alone remains: our flow'rs dead around.
Footsore and weary, longing for repose,
We tread with bleeding feet the thorny ground.

We lag and grovel—we no longer soar:
Too tired are we, the skies too far away,
And, if we search them, we shall see no more
The radiant angels of the dawning day.

* * * * * *

Courage, O fainting hearts, tired of the road!
There are green pastures, waters still and bright,
By whose fair banks we may lay down our load.
For, lo, at eventide it shall be light!

These gloomy clouds shall roll apart, to let
Heav'n's golden radiance on our pathway shine;
The star of Hope we thought for ever set
Shall rise and greet us with its rays divine.

Behold in the fair regions of the West,
Where gath'ring angels smile upon the way,
Rises once more Jerusalem the Blest
In hues more glorious than the dawn of day!

Courage, O time-worn hearts! Bear bravely on
A little longer, till the day be o'er;
At eventide your burden shall be gone,
At eventide it shall be light once more!

### AT HIS LADY'S FEET.

LIKE most luxuries, stockings were invented first for royalty, and worn first by their majestical feet. Originally the covering of the lower half of the body was all made in one piece, thereafter divided in two at the knee, but still of the same coarse material, and called "trunk hose." They, however, were found to fray the sacred epidermis of England's Christian kings, and hence the delightful invention of silken casings for our weary feet. When they first were known in Europe they were presented as offerings to royalty; thus we hear that when a Spanish grandee ventured to express his love and loyalty to his Queen he presented a pair of stockings to the Prime Minister, requesting that he would place them at the feet of his royal lady.

But as there was evidently a woman at the top of this stocking movement, there was also, as is always the case, a woman at the bottom of it, likewise. For, know that in the reign of the Virgin Queen there lived a young student at Cambridge by the name of Will Lee, whose home was in Woodborough, in Norfolk, somewhat given to maidens he was as well as mathematics, and although he procured his M. A., was much addicted to talking nonsense to a pretty and honest lassie, who plied the trade of knitting stockings, then much in demand, on account of Queen Elizabeth's very natural and commendable preference of knitted silk to cloth.

Now this honest Cambridge girl kept her head very properly straight amid the temptations of this old college town, and refused to let it be turned by the seductive blandishments of the smooth-tongued student. Not she; she cared less than the value of a dropped stitch for the sort of love this Will Lee brought her, and told him as much. "Ay, marry!" said the enraged lover, "then thou shalt rue thy words and thy contempt." "*Marry* scenteth of Rome," said the orthodox and honest young knitter, "and thou art equally as false in love as faith."

But Master Lee was true to his word, and setting his revengeful and clever brain to working, it was not long before he actually invented a stocking frame, taught his gentle friends the trade, and set up a manufactory at Calverton, in Nottinghamshire, made stockings for the maiden Queen and her lovers, and took all the poor knitter's trade away.

All the hand-knitters were in despair, and rising together drove Master Will from the country across the sea to Rouen, where he did a splendid business, but was finally overtaken by punishment and misfortune through the confusion which followed the assassination of Henry IV., and which broke up the trade, till finally the inventor died in Paris, poorer than the humble maiden whose trade and whose character he had tried to ruin. And so the "mills of the gods" finally ground small the stocking-frame and its inventor, and it was left to some one else to revive the trade once more.

"King Henry VIII.," says Stowe, the literary tailor, "you shall understand, did only wear cloth hose, or hose cut out of all broad taffeta, unless by great chance there came a pair of silk stockings from Spain."

King James I., it is said, not only wore silk stockings, but was so fond of them that he lowered his kingly dignity so far as to ask one of his courtiers to lend him a pair. This was royalty gone a-begging with a vengeance, indeed, when we can actually read in a letter still extant of how the King asked for the loan of the "scarlet hose with the gold clocks" on one occasion when he desired to give the French ambassador "an extraordinary idea of his wonderful magnificence."

Everybody knows of Edward III., and his founding the Order of Knights of the Garter, and the French motto that goes with it; but everybody does not know, methinks, whence came the expression, "Ods Stars and Garters." Know, then, that when Elizabeth decked her knights with the ancient Order of the Garter, the great lords Burleigh, Chandos, Grey and Essex, and the Duc de Montmorenci, that she distinguished her favorite Burleigh from the rest by buckling the garter round his knee herself, thus giving rise to the astonished exclamation by the offended prudes who stood about.

It is written somewhere that stockings were made out of human hair, and how the sentimental conceit was adopted by those old-fashioned lovers who wished their feet as well as their hearts to be tangled in the meshes of their ladies' tresses.

The stocking, during the past twenty years, has been undergoing many changes. The ordinary white or unbleached stocking was usually considered good enough for the use of the most dainty. Then came in the primitive stripe in red and white, and the primary colors.

## Grains of Gold.

Justice is half religion.

Neighbor's right, God's right.

Second thoughts are the adopted children of experience.

True manliness is not above the humblest forms of usefulness.

Fretful people always shut out the sunshine, and grumble about the darkness.

The fool wears his heart on his tongue, the wise man keeps his tongue on his heart.

We have some cases of the pride of learning, but a multitude o. the pride of ignorance.

Natural conscience testifies to the eternal connection between wrong-doing and penalty.

The most virtuous of all men is he that contents himself with being virtuous without seeking to appear so.

There is an individuality in our friend that we are bound to respect, and in ourselves that we are bound to maintain.

Sound and healthy reading will develop and enkindle the soul, enlighten the mind, and vivify and direct the examination.

It is but a sham sentiment to twine imaginary crosses with flowers, if we refuse to accept real crosses humbly and with resignation.

Thou art in the end what thou art. Put on wigs with millions of curls, set your foot upon all-high rocks, thou abidest ever—what thou art.

It is an easy thing to count as true or best what we wish to be so, without sifting the evidence; but to judge wisely takes both labor and time.

Man's extremity is God's opportunity, and ours also. Now we can get access to his heart. Now we can show him the worth of the Christian's trust.

The water that has no taste is purest; the air that has no odor is freshest, and of all the modifications of manner, the most generally pleasing is simplicity.

He who does good to another man does good also to himself, not only in consequence, but in the very act of doing it, for the consciousness of well-doing is an ample reward.

It is foolish to become provoked or irritated by passing trifles. There are so many trials to be met in life, we need to save our temper and our tears for occasions that will tax them both severely.

The pleasures of the world are deceitful; they promise more than they give. They trouble us in seeking them, they do not satisfy us when possessing them, and they make us despair in losing them.

## Femininities.

Princess Beatrice is a victim of rheumatism.

The love of one is true love; the love of many is not love.

A beauty without wit seems to resemble a bait without any hook in it.

Nine society girls out of ten are in love with a noodle, boodle or poodle.

There are 112,995 English school teachers, nearly all of whom are spinsters.

When a woman has lost one battle, she rarely wins another against the same foe.

Portland, Me., has a colored woman 94 years of age, who supports herself by taking in washing.

A New York society woman gave a large dinner party to celebrate the reception of her divorce papers.

There is a certain familiarity that is said to breed contempt; and, of all enemies to love, none is so pernicious.

A book publisher announces: "In press—A Pretty Girl." She is often in that pleasant predicament—and the work is to be continued next week.

Such is the universally charitable nature of woman, that when she finds a man who has no mind of his own, she is always willing to give him a piece of hers.

A happiness that is quite undisturbed becomes tiresome; we must have ups and downs; the difficulties which are mingled with love awaken passion and increase pleasure.

When heaven has taken from us some object of our love, how sweet it is to have a bosom whereon to recline our heads, and into which we may pour the torrent of our tears.

Married couples resemble a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated, often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing anyone who comes between them.

"Miss, what is your exact age?" asked a gentleman of a young lady at a soiree. "When I go out with my papa I am fifteen years of age; when I am with mamma, only twelve."

Charming young lady: "Oh, I have had such a lovely time with Grace this afternoon; we were so delighted to see each other that we both talked so fast the other couldn't get in a word."

"I don't know as I can make you understand just what I mean, Clara," said Margaret, "but I'll try to make it plain." "You kind creature!" cried Clara, effusively, "just like you!"

Miss Nevada, the songstress, kissed three hundred girls a day or two before leaving San Francisco. How she must have longed for a young man or two among the lot, just to relieve the monotony of the thing!

"How do you braid your hair so nicely?" queried a gentleman who was visiting a lady friend. "Oh," broke in her youthful sister, "she takes it off and ties the knot to the gas chandelier and fusses over it two hours every morning."

Paragraphs are floating about to the effect that diseases are frequently communicated by kissing. We supposed every one knew that the most dangerous and swift of all diseases was communicated in that way—heart disease.

A woman living in the vicinity of Fonda, N. Y., is under the hallucination that there is a reptile in her body, and that it is constantly in motion: this notion her physician has vainly attempted to remove, but she seems incurable.

A mother who became exasperated by her 15-year-old daughter playing truant from school for the purpose of attending a skating-rink, in Brooklyn, found the girl in a rink the other day, and at once proceeded to belabor her soundly with a rawhide.

A ring which she wore probably saved, recently, the life of a colored resident of Atlanta, Ga. Her husband attempted to shoot her, but she threw her hands to her face as he fired, and the ball struck a ring on her finger, cutting that member, but doing no other harm.

An educated Chinaman prettily explains the ignorance of Chinese women. He says: "Woman has no need to protect herself; she is born perfect, and science would teach her neither grace nor sweetness—those two lords of the domestic hearth inspired by nature."

She used to meet him at the gate with a kiss and smile, like morning light; but now she comes to the door in a dingy old calico wrapper and shoes down at the heel, shades her eyes with her hand, and in a voice that seems to need oiling, inquires: "Did you bring that butter?"

"Madam, can you tell me why two women stop in the middle of a street crossing to talk?" "I suppose they do it for the same reason that a man rushes at the top of his speed to get across the track in front of a train of cars, and then stands and watches the train go by." The gentleman changed the subject.

Never confide to gossips any of the failings or imperfections of your husband, nor any of those little differences that occasionally arise in the married state. If you do, you may rest assured that however strong the injunction of secrecy on the one hand, or the pledge of it on the other, they will in a day or two become the common talk of the neighborhood.

A prominent member of a church not a thousand miles from this city was talking with his pastor the other day about an excellent but somewhat aggressive lady of the parish. After descanting at length on her virtues, he continued by saying: "In fact, she may be called the salt of the earth." "Yes," responded the clergyman, quickly, "and the pepper, too."

One of the prettiest allegories in the Talmud has reference to the sun and moon. It represents them both as shining in the beginning with their own light. But Luna was jealous of the sun's superior brilliancy, and in consequence of this jealousy, her radiance flew away and became a host of stars, and she was doomed to shine only with rays borrowed from the "greater light."

## Masculinities.

Never speak in a contemptuous manner of womankind.

Do be reticent; the world at large has no interest in your private affairs.

There are ten Irishmen on the Pacific slope who own between them over $40,000,000.

A man will return rather to her who has deceived him than to her whom he has deceived.

A New York skating-rink keeper has been arrested for admitting women dressed as men.

Do avoid causes of irritation in your family; do reflect that home is the place in which to be agreeable.

What avails all the pomp and parade of life which appear abroad, if, when we shift the gaudy, flattering scene, the man is unhappy where happiness must begin—at home!

A philosopher writes: "Man is the merriest species of the creation." Did the philosopher ever see a man when it was first broken to him that he was the father of twins? We trow not.

When you dine with the Viceroy of India you present yourself in the reception room in your regulation swallow-tails, but before you go to dinner, you change it for a nice, cool, white linen jacket.

The following amusing "bull" was lately perpetrated in Camden: A magistrate asked a prisoner if he were married. "No," replied the man. "Then," rejoined his honor, amid roars of laughter, "it is a good thing for your wife."

On one occasion a friend of Lord Alvanly came for advice under the following circumstances: "Mr. B—— has threatened to kick me whenever he sees me in society. What am I to do if he comes into the room?" "Sit down," was the reply of his lordship.

In Virginia a father may be hanged if he consents to the marriage of his daughter when she is only eleven years old. There is many a father who wishes he had been hanged before he consented to the marriage of his daughter when she was eighteen.

An uncommon form of strike is the quitting of pastoral work by the lower clergy of Bulgaria. They refuse to hold church services, baptize, or solemnize marriages and burials. Their grievance is the very worldly one of a reduction of wages, which are paid them by the State.

"Madam," he began, as he lifted his hat at the front door, "I am soliciting for home charities. We have hundreds of poor, ragged and vicious children like those at your gate, and our object is—" "Sir, those are my own children," she interrupted; and the front door was violently slammed in his face.

How many of the wise and learned men have married their cooks? Did not Lord Eldon, himself the most prudent of men, make a runaway match? Were not Achilles and Ajax both in love with their servant maids? If people only made prudent marriages, what a stop of population there would be!

Jones: "What are you mad about, Smith?" Smith (in a terrible rage): "What am I mad about? Why, this morning I found a silk umbrella in a hallway of my boarding-house, and as nobody seemed to own it, I just captured it myself. I laid it down here not five minutes ago, and some rascally thief has gone off with it."

A young man in Australia, whose friends had ceased to correspond with him, woke up in their interest by his sending letters to business men in his native place, inquiring the price of a tolerably-large farm. Seven affectionate letters came from the friends by return mail, and two or three a day have arrived ever since, including one from an old (and cold) sweetheart.

"Some people," said Mrs. Sharpmale, "measure love by gold. I measure it by quality." "I measure it by quantity," said meek little Mr. Sharpmale, in feeble tones; "I measure it by the peck." "By the peck, you lunatic; what do you mean by that?" "By the hen-peck," he gurgled, hoarsely. And then all the rest of the night he wished he hadn't said it.

Siamese women have at last made an effort to ameliorate their lot by the best of all methods—self-help. In truth, it is time somebody should do something for them, for it appears to be a law in that interesting little kingdom that when a dilapidated husband has gambled away all his property, and has gone into debt, he can straightway pawn his wife until he has cleared himself.

A lady—a French lady—is showing a visitor the family portraits in a picture gallery. "That officer there in the uniform," she says, "was my great-great grandfather. He was as brave as a lion, but one of the most unfortunate of men. He never fought a battle in which he did not have an arm or leg carried away." Then she adds, with great pride: "He took part in twenty-four engagements."

A contemporary relates that one day, when it was raining hard in New York, a freshly-arrived Frenchman, ignorant of New World usages, a good fellow, if not an exquisite, saw a lady making vain attempts to cross a swollen gutter in one of the principal streets; so he lifted her unceremoniously in his arms and deposited her safely on the other side of the gutter. Instead of condescending to thank him, even with a smile, as he naturally expected, the lady stared at him from top to toe, and asked what right he had to dare to touch her. "I will remedy my mistake," the Frenchman answered; and, taking up the lady again, he set her down where he had found her.

The "Fighting Parson" of Texas tells the following: "Holding services at a place one time, I took up a collection for the support of missions. There was a poor old lady present who, I noticed, dropped a five-dollar gold piece into the hat. I knew she was very poor, and not able to afford so much, and thought she had intended to throw in a quarter, but made a mistake. So next day, when I met her husband, I said to him: 'Look here—your wife put a five-dollar gold piece into the hat yesterday; I think she must have made a mistake.' 'No, no,' he replied, 'my wife didn't make no mistake. She don't fling often; but, let me tell you, when she flings, she do fling with a vengeance.'"

## NEW YORK FASHIONS.

**Modes Materials and Methods at Metropolitan Centres.**

A feature of fashion is the glitter of all garments.

Midas-like the modes turn everything they touch to gold.

Feathers, flowers, ribbons, millinery and dress fabrics, braids and all sorts of trimmings are made brilliant, sometimes beautiful, and frequently hideous with golden "effect" thrown in *ad libitum*.

It is an undisputed dogma of taste in dress that there is no item of the toilet so important to a woman's looks as her bonnet. When a woman has a pretty face the bonnet makes the frame for it, and we all know that an inappropriate frame often kills a good picture. Form and color are equally important in both the picture frame and the face frame, the bonnet. Alas! the new bonnets do not become all faces. They are all high in front and pinched in as closely as possible at the sides. Gold appears upon nearly every one in some form or other; but chiefly in that of golden tinsel crowns mounted on gold wires. But there will be no complaint of the weight of women's head-gear this year. All the hats and bonnets shown at Ridley's, that American stronghold for styles in millinery, are light, save a few jet bead bonnets, the beads strung upon wires.

There is one arbitrary point in head-gear this year. All young women wear stringless bonnets or hats, which of course have no strings; while for persons of maturer years strings are invariably provided, their absence being considered an invasion of the territory of youth.

Gauze ribbons, reminding one of childhood days when Grandmamma—not Mamma, wore such—are revived this season, and many are of gold, striped with color, black or white.

An excellent hat for girls of limited means is of black or colored straw with the brim lined and faced with velvet, and for trimming, an immense bow of striped canvas or of canvas scarf costing not more than 75c or $1.00—and sometimes two or three gold-flecked quill feathers stuck into the bow. Such a hat may be worn with any dress.

As a dress trimming next to gold braid and gold lace, woolen lace in all colors and shades is used for costumes and wraps.

Open jackets with short rounded basques, shaped to the figure in the back but not tight in front are worn by young girls more frequently and fashionably than tight-fitting or street Jersey Jackets which are this year relegated to the use of young women over twenty and under thirty.

There is a strong tendency to make dresses, particularly frocks of wash fabrics with no looped draperies over the skirt. The skirts of such gowns are made quite full all around save a little space in front, which is plain. The fulness in the back is gathered, and that on the sides pleated.

Dresses composed of two different stuffs still predominate with a disposition of the fabrics thus: The figured material for the skirt, and the plain for the corsage and overskirt.

Corsages are more in vogue than polonaises among the beautiful styles at Lord & Taylor's. The close-fitting bodice with full corsage prolonged over the hips, and falling in classic folds from the waist line at the back is a late paroxysm of present styles.

These profuse straight draperies, heavily crinolined to hold them in place should never be adopted except they be worn over Warner's Health Corset, which, while fitting the figure to a charm, ingeniously transfers the weight of clothing from central portions of the figure, sensitive to pressure, to the shoulders, thereby relieving spine and stomach from the friction of forces incident to modern style. These corsets are a benefaction of which ladies appreciating health, comfort and beauty will not be slow to avail themselves.

The small mantle visite, tight-fitting in the back, with dolman elbow sleeves is the most popular form of wraps, either for full dress or demi-toilet. Such visites are made of every kind of stuff, from lace brochè, etamine brochè and grenadine brochè combined with velvet, satin novelty stuffs, and enriched as much or as little as one chooses with jet and gold embroidery, fancy fringes of chenille, mingled with gold drops, rat-tail and leech fringes, laces, motifs and embroidery of silk and chenille, with or without jet beads, to plain woolen cloth or flannel trimmed with braid or woolen lace.

All shades of green are in favor, but moss green, flag green, sea and cress green, and all grayish shades of this popular color, are very fashionable, as well as the dark Russian greens with which the gray greens are frequently combined.

Toile d'emballage is the name given to all canvas-woven stuffs in Paris whether of wool, silk or flax threads. * * *

SHORT-SIGHTEDNESS.—Illustrations of this peculiar weakness are to be found in almost every department of life.

1. Here is a comfortable, spacious, and well-built house, of which the owner has just taken possession. Everything has been made attractive to the eye; the architecture is faultless; flowers, and shrubbery, and trees are planted just where they should be; but the house is built on a low, swampy soil, and every warm summer night the air is loaded with malarious vapors, creeping in at the open windows, and stealing over the faces of those who are slumbering peacefully in their beds, little dreaming, the neglect of proper drainage in the beginning is the cause of all the trouble which ensues, and this is attributable simply to the short-sightedness of the householder.

2. Here is a trader—we will suppose him to be a wholesale wool-dealer; in the course of his business he forwards to his broker a few samples of his wool, with the price affixed. The offer is accepted; but when the bales are opened at the mill by the manufacturer to whom they have been re-sold, it is found that the article falls below the standard of the samples, and it is accordingly returned into the broker's hands. How could the trader be so so short-sighted as not to foresee that this would be the last transaction he would ever be able to have in the old quarter? All forms of dishonesty in trade indicate a strange short-sightedness as well as a want of moral principle.

3. Again: Here is a buyer. Perhaps he has a house to furnish. His means are limited, and he naturally desires to get what he needs at the lowest possible rates. Furniture, like many other things, can be had cheap enough, if one is willing to take it for what it is. Instead, therefore, of buying one or two good tables and bedsteads, and a dozen substantial chairs, at a somewhat higher price, he crowds his house with a quantity of frail, rickety lumber, which in process of time will cost him more in the way of repairs than it is worth. It is always a mark of short-sightedness to buy anything merely on the ground of its being cheap.

4. Here is a young man who proposes to devote his life to any pursuit, or it may be one of the learned professions, or journalism, or literature in general. He is in a desperate hurry to secure as soon as possible a prominent and lucrative position, and is so eager to begin his work that he determines to shorten, in a great degree, the time of his probation, and plunges headlong into the arena, undisciplined, unfurnished, unfitted for his work. Instead of beginning at the beginning, and making his way upward by slow and regular degrees, he hopes to soar to the summit; and his fate is likely to be that of Icarus, who, flying with wings too near the sun, the wax that cemented them was melted, and he fell into the sea.

5. It is an indication of fatal short-sightedness when the repairs on the railway are neglected until the line gives way and the train is wrecked, or the decrepit old boiler continues to be used until it explodes, or a bridge is slightled until it tumbles down, or a ship is sent to sea when it should have been condemned. Illustrations like these will suggest themselves to the reader in profusion.

It is the far-sighted man, who looks a long distance ahead, and can see just how the acts of to-day are likely to affect the far-off future, that is sure to succeed. Starting on the voyage of life, he always keeps in view the distant harbor—"the haven where he would be"—and having carefully studied the chart, and found out how he must shape his course in order to avoid the rocks and quicksands that obstruct his path, sails steadily on until the haven appears, when he may fold his canvas, and anchor and be at rest.

"With all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven comes ere the world be past."

As Thackeray says, it is often the pretty face that bewitches us, after all. "What though a woman has the wisdom and chastity of Minerva, if her features are plain? What folly will not a pair of bright eyes make pardonable? What dulness will not red lips and sweet accents render pleasant?"

CLEANSE the scalp from scurf and dandruff, and keep the hair pliable, by the use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

## CRUELTY'S MUSEUM.

THE Superintendent at the headquarters of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, lately said to a reporter who interviewed him:

"Here are some of the objects in the collection. You see these six long, vicious-looking nails? Well, they have their story. There was a man named Cassidy—a low, vicious fellow. He was in the employ of a man who owned three valuable horses. Cassidy got into a quarrel with his employer, and was discharged. He conceived an idea of revenge. How did he accomplish it? Why, in the night he stole into the stable where his former employer's horses were stalled. In his pockets were these cruel nails. He crept up to one of the horses, a valuable trotter and a most affectionate animal, which turned its head toward him, as was afterward brought out, with a low whimper of greeting. One would think such confidence and affection would have moved the hardest heart. But what did Cassidy do? Drawing two of these nails from his pocket, he drove one into each of the fore feet of the noble brute. Passing on to each of the other two horses, he repeated the crime. Gangrene set in and the trotter died. Cassidy was arrested, and, the case being fully proven against him, he was sent to the penitentiary for six months.

"What story is there in connection with this razor? Do you see those dark stains upon the blade? Those stains were made by blood. That razor belonged to a sailor.

"His ship had just come in, and he went in for a debauch with some abandoned companions in a vile haunt near the river front. Leaving the house, he started across a yard. In this yard was chained a dog. This dog was only a poor, miserable mongrel, but he had feeling for all that, and he had harmed the seaman in no way. The latter, however, delirious with rum, upon catching sight of the poor dog, whipped out the razor; with one sweep almost severed the animal's nozzle. The sailor was brought to justice and fined $25.

"That club up there, to which is tied that broken cow's horn, is fully six inches in circumference and weighs about ten pounds. A man got into a rage with a cow and struck her with that club, breaking off the horn. He paid $25 fine for the outrage."

THE best thing to have about a farm, says an agricultural editor, pointedly, is "a good farmer."

### Is This Possible!

Report comes that General Grant's improved condition is due to the fact that he is using a "simple vegetable preparation" forwarded by one of our consuls from South America, and sent him by the Surgeon General! Is this possible! By an "unauthorized" remedy? Shocking!

And yet if this "simple vegetable preparation" were owned and advertised by any one as a specific for this terrible disease, certainly the Surgeon General would not commend it, nor would bigoted physicians prescribe it!

Nevertheless, it is a fact that many of the best proprietary medicines of the day, as the late Dr. J. G. Holland stated in *Scribner's Monthly*, were more successful than many physicians, and most of them, it should be remembered, were at first discovered or used in actual medical practice. When, however, any shrewd persons, knowing of their virtue and foreseeing their popularity, secured and advertised them, then, in the opinion of the bigoted, all virtue went out of them!

Isn't this absurd!

We believe that a remedy, if properly made, is just as effective when put up, advertised and sold in bulk, as when doled out to patients at an enormous expense by their physicians.

Why not?

If General Grant is getting better through a simple unauthorized vegetable preparation where is the vaunted exclusive skill of the medical profession!

Apropos of the suspension of some very prominent members by the Medical and Chirugical faculty of Maryland, for endorsing advertised remedies, the Baltimore *American* (April 25) says that "when a patent medicine goes on year after year widening its circle of believers, it is a pretty fair evidence that there is merit in it. The regular doctors may ignore it, and expel any of their members who use it, but when they do so their action *looks more like envy against a successful remedy than a true desire to protect the public.*" The failure in the Garfield and Grant cases, the *American* thinks, and properly, has knocked the professional pretension higher than a kite.

But this is not a singular instance of unprofessional power over "incurable diseases." That "simple vegetable preparation" now everywhere known as Warner's safe cure, was once an authorized remedy, was pronounced a "God-send" to the medical profession for the cure of kidney and liver disorders, malaria, general debility, spring feebleness, female irregularities, etc., by many leading physicians, but when the formula was fully perfected, and the medicine was put up in bulk and advertised so that every sufferer might know of it and *treat himself*, then the profession turned upon it and let their patients die rather than to use it!

This is certainly a strange proceeding, but it is on a level with all the rules and regulations of a code which has gone so far as to forbid a physician displaying beyond a certain size his name and profession upon his sign!

But the world moves, and merit wins the fight!


# THE BEST

boon ever bestowed upon man is perfect health, and the true way to insure health is to purify your blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Mrs. Eliza A. Clough, 34 Arlington st., Lowell, Mass., writes: "Every winter and spring my family, including myself, use several bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Experience has convinced me that, as a powerful

# Blood

purifier, it is very much superior to any other preparation of Sarsaparilla. All persons of scrofulous or consumptive tendencies, and especially delicate children, are sure to be greatly benefited by its use." J. W. Starr, Laconia, Iowa, writes: "For years I was troubled with Scrofulous complaints. I tried several different preparations, which did me little, if any, good. Two bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla effected a complete cure. It is my opinion that this medicine is the best blood

# Purifier

of the day." C. E. Upton, Nashua, N. H., writes: "For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and unable to obtain relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I have taken several bottles, am greatly benefited, and believe it to be the best of blood purifiers." R. Harris, Creel City, Ramsey Co., Dakota, writes: "I have been an intense sufferer, with Dyspepsia, for the past three years. Six months ago I began to use

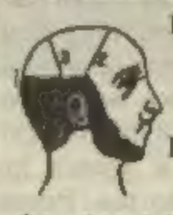
# AYER'S Sarsaparilla

It has effected an entire cure, and I am now as well as ever."

Sold by all Druggists.

**Price $1; Six bottles, $5.**

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.



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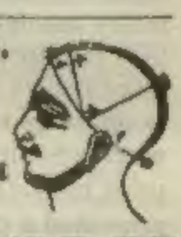

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy!

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Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

## AGENTS WANTED.

**WANTED A WOMAN** of sense, energy and respectability for our business in her locality. SALARY $35 to $50, references exch'd. GAY BROS., 14 Barclay St., N. Y.

**CANVASSERS** wanted. People's Encyclopedia. Send 25 cents for outfit at once. H. M. BROCKSTEDT, 113 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.

**$250** A MONTH. Agents wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

**60 Lovely Cards** Assorted **Bill&Cen Name** and **Chromos**, with a pretty 50-page Autograph Album and two **$5** Prize Puzzles, all paid, for **14C.** Send a club of 4, and we will print you a package **FREE.** Order at once. **(Agents Samples, Only 4 cents.)** HOLLEY CARD WORKS, Meriden, Conn.

**ALL IMPERFECTIONS** of the Face, Hands & Feet, Superfluous Hair, Moles, Warts, Freckles, Moth, Red Nose, Acne, Blk Heads, Scars, Pitting & treatment. **Dr. John Woodbury, 37 N. Pearl St., Albany, N. Y.** Established 1870. Send 10c. for Book.

**A Wonderful Offer! A RING with every pack. FREE** This Ring and 50 of our Beautiful Satin Embossed Cards with name for only 10c. **CARD MILLS, Northford, Conn**

**HIRES' Improved Root Beer.** Packages, 25c. Makes 5 gallons of a delicious, sparkling and wholesome beverage. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of 25c. C. E. HIRES, 48 N. Del. Ave., Phila., Pa.

**PHONOGRAPHY** or Phonetic Short-Hand. Catalogue of works by Benn Pitman and Jerome B. Howard, with alphabet and illustrations for beginners sent on application. Address: PHONOGRAPHIC INSTITUTE, Cincinnati, Ohio.

# Recent Book Issues.

The need of a knowledge of botany, particularly in its relation to the grains and vegetables, is being more and more felt every day among those who twenty years ago looked upon it as being almost as foreign to their immediate interests as civil engineering or astronomy; and these new votaries of this most useful and pleasing study are numbered by hundreds among our farmers and agriculturalists, where they should run up into millions. In order to supply such a large and growing class with the very best method of acquiring the necessary knowledge of this science, in Prof. Asa Gray's "Lessons in Botany," the text book of Harvard College, we have a work that should be in the hands of every agriculturalist, flower or grain cultivator in the United States. It is intended for all classes and may be studied with ease and profit by the beginner as well as by the more advanced learner. Everything relating to Botany is made as clear as simple language, clear definitions and the most accurate engravings can make it. In its scope the work omits nothing to perfectly inform the student, and is arranged so that it is always available as a work of reference on the subject. It is a large elegantly printed work of seven hundred pages, and is illustrated by three hundred engravings on steel and as many more on wood. We commend this book to everyone interested as the best we have ever seen on the subject for ease of study, simplicity of arrangement and thoroughness. Accompanying and serving as a second volume in combination with "Lessons in Botany" is "Physiological Botany" by G. L. Goodale, Professor of Botany in Harvard College. Like the other it is a perfect text book, only explaining more in detail the structural character of plants, for the benefit of those wishing to make a specialty of the science. Ivison, Blakemore & Co., Publishers, New York.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The May issue of *Art and Decoration* presents the first number of the most beautiful art magazine ever published in this country, and containing contributions from the leading prominent American artists. There are about fifty illustrations, twenty of them being full page. The printing is a novelty in magazine work, and the impressions are in black and chocolate ink. No magazine ever started with a more magnificent list of prominent contributors. Publication Office, 9 East 17th Street New York.

*The English Illustrated Magazine* for May (Macmillan & Co., 112 Fourth ave. New York) contains a goodly supply of light, agreeable reading matter. "The Lady of Shallott," an engraving by W. Biscombe Gardner, from a drawing by H. Ryland, forms the frontispiece. "Legends of Toledo," by John Lomac, is a very readable article, and is copiously illustrated.

For special reasons, in the *May Century*, more space that usual is devoted to the War Series. Of superior interest is General Grant as a Soldier. General Badeau's article covers the whole period of Gen. Grant's military experience. The frontispiece of the number is a striking portrait of Gen. McClellan, engraved from a photograph taken especially for this purpose. General McClellan contributes a graphic account of The Peninsular Campaign, and makes special reference to his official and personal relations with Secretary Stanton and President Lincoln. Of peculiar interest is General Joseph E. Johnston's "Manassas to Seven Pines," which is a reply to Jefferson Davis's criticisms (in "The Rise and Fall of the Southern Confederacy") on his military operations in Virginia. General Johnston describes in detail the battles of Bull Run and the first day at Seven Pines; and his recollections are supplemented, as it were, by General John D. Imboden's entertaining description of "Incidents of the Battle of Manassas," and General Gustavus W. Smith's account of "The Second Day at Seven Pines." The other articles in the Century are of the usual high character of the magazine.

A QUEER REMEDY.—A clergyman once told a most amusing story of one of his parishioners, whose child had previously suffered from hooping-cough, the cure being effected (?) in the following strange way—

"I know," said the good woman, "what would cure him, but may be you wouldn't believe me."

"What is it, Mary?" I asked.

"Why, I did everything that everybody told me. One told me to get him breathed on by a piebald horse. I took him ever such a way to a horse at——, and put him under the horse's mouth, but he was no better. Then I was told to drag him backward through a bramble bush. I did so; but this didn't cure him. Last of all, I was told to give him nine fried mice, fasting, in a morning, in this way—three the first morning; then wait three mornings, and then give three more; wait three mornings again, and give him three more. When he had eaten these nine fried mice he became quite well! This would be sure to cure anybody's child, sir."

THE long wars between France and England were the result of Louis XI. shaving his beard, when flowing ones were in vogue. His wife Eleanor of Aquitaine, procured a divorce, and married Henry II. of England, hence the strife that followed. No doubt if Louis XI. had not shaved, she would have invented another excuse; but such is the fact.

# Humorous.

Patient waiters—Young doctors.

The first thing in a boot is the last.

The baby's favorite game—All fours.

The issues of the day—The daily papers.

Men who do a "roaring" trade—Auctioneers.

Men who always go to the wall—Paperhangers.

Niddy, noddy, two heads and one body. A barrel.

Always ready with a helping hand—The pickpocket at large.

A bad cold makes a man supercilious. He sneezes at everything.

When are watches easily stolen? When they are off their guard.

What you don't know about men oftentimes make them respectable.

Why is a talkative man like a young pig? Because he is likely to become a bore.

An old man, who had witnessed the effect of whisky for many years past, said a barrel labeled whisky contained a thousand songs and fifty fights.

"A nursery must be a place for dancing." "Why so?" "Because it is." "I really don't see how." "Ain't a nursery a regular bawl room?"

What the contented man desires, the poor man has, the rich requires, the miser spends, the spendthrift saves, and all men carry to their graves. Nothing.

"What is the matter with the baby?" asked a lady of a little girl, whose baby brother she understood to be ailing. "Oh, nothin' much," was the answer, "he's only hatchin' teeth."

From the land where vigorous epithets grow, Southern Missouri, comes the elegant phrase used by a newspaper in reference to somebody it did not admire: "A cock-eyed pelican of perdition."

### The Correct "Osgoodby."

It seems that some *bad* "Osgoodby," taking advantage of the high repute in which the name stands in Western New York, has been carrying on various dishonest schemes at different points, by advertising them in the papers and obtaining money from correspondents, without equivalent. This person has been recklessly denounced by papers that carry on the doubtful occupation of "exposing frauds" without the equitable courtesy of stating that W. W. Osgoodby of Rochester, N. Y., who publishes, teaches and advertises an excellent system of Phonetic Short-hand, is an entirely different individual, as well as one of the most responsible and honorable business men in the State. We understand that several people have involved themselves in serious liabilities on account of such careless mistakes. It is difficult to decide whether the swindler who deliberately filches the money of confiding patrons, or the Peeksniffian "Exposer" who wantonly, ignorantly, corruptly or carelessly slur the good name or business of any one, should suffer the heaviest legal punishment. However that may be, our readers may feel assured that W. W. Osgoodby is perfectly correct and transactions with him may be conducted with an assurance of reliability.

MAYOR'S OFFICE,
Grand Rapids, Mich., April 15, 1885.
Charles E. Belknap, Mayor.

NOTICE.

Sealed proposals will be received at the Mayor's office, in the city of Grand Rapids, Michigan, until the 27th inst., at 7 o'clock, p. m., for the purchase of $135,000 City Hall bonds of said city.

Said bonds are payable July 1st, A. D. 1908, and draw 5 per ct. interest, payable semi-annually on January and July 1st; principal and interest payable at the office of the treasurer of said city.

Bids will be received for the whole or any part of the loan, the money to be paid and bonds delivered June 1st, A. D., 1885, or for the whole amount, payable in such instalments as may from time to time be called for by the Common Council of said city.

No bids will be considered that are below par and accrued interest, and accrued interest must be paid in addition to any premium that may be offered. Parties bidding to pay in instalments, will be required to give bonds satisfactory to the council, that they will comply with the foregoing terms if their bids are accepted.

The council reserves the right to reject all bids.

CHARLES E. BELKNAP,
Mayor.


YOUNG MEN!—READ THIS.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Michigan, offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES, on trial for thirty days, to those afflicted with nervous debility, and all kindred troubles. Also very efficient for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, guaranteed. No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

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Homeopathic Veterinary Specifics
Used by U. S. Governm't.
STABLE CHART
Mounted on Rollers, and Book
MAILED FREE.
Humphreys' Med. Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

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CRAZY QUILTS,
Get BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG'S factory ends, called Waste Embroidery. Forty cents will buy one ounce, which would cost One Dollar in Skeins. All good silk and beautiful colors. Designs for 100 styles of Crazy Stitches inclosed in each package. Send 40 cents in stamps or postal note to THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG CO., 621 Market St., Phila., Pa.

60 New Style, Embossed Hidden Name and Chromo Visiting Cards no 2 alike, name on, 10c., 12 packs $1. Warranted best sold. Sample Book, 4c. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

50 New embossed Chromo Cards or 12 hidden name cards 10c. 5 packs, 40c. Ivory Card Co., Ivoryton, Ct.

60 CHROMO CARDS 10c., 12 Hidden Name Cards, 10c. G. I. REED & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

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RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

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CURES THE WORST PAINS
In from one to 20 minutes.
NOT ONE HOUR
After reading this advertisement need any one
SUFFER WITH PAIN.

Radway's Ready Relief is a Cure for every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs.
It was the first,
AND IS THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY
That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the lungs, stomach, bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.
If seized with threatened
PNEUMONIA,
or any Inflammation of the internal organs or mucous membranes, after exposure to cold, wet, etc., lose no time, but apply Radway's Relief on a piece of flannel over the part affected with congestion or inflammation, which will in nearly every case check the inflammation and cure the patient by its action of counter-irritation, and by equalizing the circulation in the part. For further instructions, see our directions wrapped around the bottle.

A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure cramps, spasms, sour stomach, heartburn, nervousness, sleeplessness, sick headache, diarrhœa, dysentery, colic, flatulency and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pain from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

MALARIA
CURED IN ITS WORST FORMS.
Chills and Fever.

FEVER and AGUE cured for 50 cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by Radway's Pills) so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. Fifty cts. per bottle.

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The Great Blood Purifier.
For the Cure of all CHRONIC DISEASES.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Venereal Diseases, (see our Book on Venereal—price, 25 cts), Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swellings, Tumors, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions of the Face, Ulcers, Hip Diseases, Gout, Dropsy, Rickets, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption, Diseases, Kidney, Bladder, Liver Complaints, etc.

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Humors and Sores

Of all kinds, particularly Chronic Diseases of the Skin, are cured with great certainty by a course of RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN. We know obstinate cases that have resisted all other treatment.

SCROFULA,

Whether transmitted from parents or acquired, is within the curative range of the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Cures have been made where persons have been afflicted with Scrofula from their youth up to 20, 30 and 40 years of age, by

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A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE AND PERMANENT in its treatment and cure. Sold by druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.
(The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy.)

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.
Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by all druggists.

DYSPEPSIA.

Hundreds of maladies spring from this complaint. The symptoms of this disease are the symptoms of a broken down stomach, Indigestion, Flatulence, Heartburn, Acid Stomach, Pain after Eating,—giving rise sometimes to the most excruciating colic,—Pyrosis, or Water Brash, etc., etc., etc.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN,

Aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, is a cure for this complaint. It restores strength to the stomach, and makes it perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases. Take the medicines according to directions, and observe what we say in "False and True" respecting diet.

Read "FALSE AND TRUE."

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### Latest Fashion Phases.

A garment which forms a part of the uniform of many foreign regiments, and which is also worn by Turkish women over their loose draperies can hardly be called a novelty; yet the Zouave jacket will certainly be one of the leading features of our summer costumes, and will doubtless be generally worn, for it is exceedingly becoming; and although it lends grace to the full figure it is equally graceful on slight or uniformed. It will be immensely useful when altering or re-making dresses, for it can be utilized in sleeveless fashion to hide a bodice that is soiled or shabby, or with sleeves to cover one that is badly cut, or too tight, or that has its sleeves put in without fulness.

There are already many costumes to be seen in this style, and the combination it permits of are almost innumerable. Those of thin cloth or fancy woolen materials, with trimmings of velvet in bands or panels, and the zouave to correspond, are very charming, and look totally unlike those worn lately. Pongee, fawn and tobacco brown or canvas, with the zouave and trimmings of dark brown velvet, are all excellent as regards taste and harmony in color. Drab also looks well with myrtle or bronze velvet. For a mixture of cloth and velvet, the bodice should be quite plain and tight-fitting, the front pointed and the back cut in habit fashion; but nun's cloth, cashmere, and other soft woolen goods permit of the full bodice and waist belt, which is such a favorite with the majority of young ladies.

A zouave of black velvet will be found most useful, and it can be outlined with jet passementerie, or cut in scallops and outlined with tiny beads, or left quite plain, and edged with large cut ones. The edge also may be cut in points; and a jet ball formed of beads hung on each point, or it can be cut in small turrets and bound with satin or corded silk. Indeed, there are many ways of finishing this edge, but it should always be with some firm, straight material, frills or lace being quite unsuitable. Some use tiny silk balls or short bunchy tassels of jet, hung at equal distances. The most becoming finish to the neck is a very full ruff of lace, higher at the back than at the front; but as this can only be worn with the hair brushed up, many have a high velvet band only. These little jackets look very dressy over lace skirts and banded bodices of lace—black velvet over white or cream lace, and brown velvet over coffee or beige colored lace being especially admirable. And what can be more elegant than a zouave of jet over a dress of filmy black lace? These are preferable without sleeves; and as they require such a small quantity of material, can be made at home to great advantage, whereas they are costly little trifles when bought ready-made. One yard of beaded net, lined with satin and edged with a row of cut jet beads, will make a lovely little jacket; or a grenadine, with a pattern of woven beads, which wears splendidly, but is costly; or a material dotted all over with loops of beads are both admirable for this style.

The zouave is naturally much varied in shape, and many have the fronts square in Spanish fashion. These just reach to the waist, while others are much rounded and absurdly short, falling only just below the bust; then, again, there is the pointed bodice with the back cut in ordinary form, and the front having an additional zouave front over it. This is by no means unbecoming, and is really pretty when the gown is made of two materials. When it is made with sleeves, these do not always reach to the wrist, but are often large from the elbow and faced and turned back with fancy silk lining.

Jackets are quite tight at the back, and half tight in front, and fastened down the front with very large buttons. Some form a waistcoat and open jacket in front. They are trimmed with two or three rows of braid, threaded with gold. They are made of elastic cloth, either black, grey, brown, or dark green. They may also be made to match the dress, to which they may then serve as bodice. A few ladies wear them in red cloth, either plain or trimmed with narrow gold braid. Young girls' jackets should be untrimmed, whatever be their color and material.

Tailor-made costumes are always elegant for ordinary wear. They are made of velveteen or cloth serge. The skirt is short and plain, with three large box-plaits at the back. The bodice is fastened at the neck and waist only, the opening being filled in with a chemisette, or blouse of striped silk. A novelty for a young girl is to make this chemisette crossed over the bust, like a scarf, with the ends escaping under the bodice, on each side, and then tied at the back like a panier-sash. Sometimes the front of these dresses are made of silk, or velveteen of a contrasting color, say red, blue, or light green, and then the chemisette and blouse is made to match.

A simple yet elegant walking-dress for a young married lady is composed of a silk skirt, of a pretty nut-color, grey, or dark blue, made quite plain, and box-plaited round the waist, and with this a serge polonaise of the same color, edged round with braid, also to match. With this a tippet of serge, trimmed round with braid and ruchings to match the underskirt.

A very pretty new material is called "dentene de Soudan," and is an openwork light woolen stuff, like thick lace, sold in the piece. It is made in all sorts of new neutral tints—felt, almond, or brick color and is put on simply plain and full, over a silk petticoat of the same color. It has a very novel effect. Etamines are made with tiny little rows of the smallest beads of all colors worked in the material. A plain full skirt is here called a "jupe badinee," and a very pretty one for late spring was seen recently. It was a dress for a young girl, and was made in almond colored "voile de masaine"—a coarse nun's veiling. The underskirt was "badine," or plain, and was trimmed with four rows of plain broad ruby ribbon velvet, which trimming is returning into favor. The upper skirt was drawn up quite to the hip on one side, and fell to the bottom of the underskirt at the other. It was trimmed with two rows of velvet, and just in the middle in front was draped in two folds of deep kilting. The body was made in a jacket blouse, a ribbon velvet band round the waist and the corsage open "en coeur" over an almond-colored "dentelle de Soudan" waistcoat, a row of ruby velvet coming down on each side of the opening and round the whole jacket.

Some charming little bonnets and hats have just arrived from Paris which should not fail to please all tastes. It is quite cheering during the foggy weather, to which lately we seem perpetually treated to see spring flowers on the newest bonnets, that are gradually laying aside their more wintery trimmings, and literally bursting into blossoms of every variety of color and description. Amongst those that will prove most fascinating are the following:

A deep red straw trimmed with velvet of the same shade in full puffings round the front, with a spray of the little wild pink convolvulus, with which we are familiar in the hedgerows, its fairy-like flowers and delicate heart-shaped leaves being beautifully and correctly reproduced. A stylish black hat again has a gay little posy of the blue lobelia, daisies, and yellow buttercups. A bonnet with the pointed-shape front is composed of a sage green straw, lined with drawn silk of the same tint, and has a bouquet of mignonette, deep red roses, and forget-me-nots outside. Immense arrangements of flowers promise to be worn as universally on bonnets and hats as last year. Net bonnets retain their place in the estimation of fair Parisians; but the flowers that adorn them—when flowers are used—small birds and feathers still being very frequently seen—adhere to the same material of which they were fabricated, namely, velvet. Amongst the new emanations from Paris, much favor is accorded to some pretty flowers of the polyanthus order, that have a sort of *poudre* look all over them even to the leaves, though not the natural whiteness of the auricula. These are worn on bonnets of soft shades of tulle, such as reseda, and are quiet looking, though rather colorless. Yak lace interwoven with gold thread will be used for an immediate material between straw and net, and is transparent without being so filmy. A bonnet composed of this is prettily arranged with reseda velvet and fuchsias. Pale pink shaded into yellow is another combination that would suit admirably a handsome brunette; and pale pink aigrette with steel fawn-colored velvet is an effective combination.

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### Domestic Economy.

One of the greatest novelties I have seen lately is the embroidered lace. It is by no means difficult or wearisome work, and when well carried out bears a strong resemblance to Oriental embroidery with an open background. It is particularly useful as a means of using up many of the odds and ends left from larger pieces of work, and which are so often mere encumbrances to the work-basket. The quality of the lace is of no consequence, provided that a good bold pattern be chosen; some inexpensive laces sold just now have a raised cord tracing out the outlines of the pattern, which is, when worked over, a great addition to the general effect.

The first thing to be done is to trace the outside outline of the design with two or four strands of crewel wool lightly twisted together. A dull shade of color is the best to use for this purpose, and it should be overcast with rather a bright-colored crewel silk, the stitches being placed about an eighth of an inch apart. This must be continued at both edges of the designs of the lace, or, if preferred, tinsel may be run along the outlines instead. The space between these two lines should be filled in with French knots in colored silk at regular intervals, while the spaces between any curves or loops there may be in the design should be filled in with bars and wheels like those used in working point lace. The design of the lace will be a great help in determining the number and style of stitches to be made, but the net back-ground of the lace should be left entirely free from embroidery, only the pattern itself should be worked. If a white cord is on the lace to begin with, it is simply necessary to cover it well and closely with buttonhole stitches worked in silk. Feather, satin and chain stitches will all be found useful for covering up the lace; indeed, in good specimens of this style of embroidery scarcely any of the original lace is visible, the appearance being that of silk embroidery appliqued to a background of net. In working it is often more convenient to tack the lace to a firm foundation of coarse brown holland cloth, so as to work it more easily, but of course the embroidery stitches must not be taken through to this foundation; the ends of the needlefuls should only be passed right through to the wrong side and fastened off after the lace is detached from the lining.

The same style of work is also carried out on a foundation of oatmeal cloth. A good, bold flowing pattern is traced on the oatmeal cloth, and the outlines are then followed with colored cotton laid on and buttonholed over. The buttonhole stitches are placed rather close together, so that where it is possible, the cloth may be cut away, and the design left open in the middle. Those who worked the Roman embroidery that was so popular some years ago will understand how this is done. The spaces of oatmeal cloth that are left between the windings of the patterns are filled in with fancy stitches of different kinds, and with knots and wheels as exactly before described. It is better to keep to two colors or two shades of the same in working in this style, leaving the variety of colors and tints for the lace embroidery.

A very favorite occupation just now with ladies is to outline white or cream-colored lace with colored thread to suit their own fancy, or to match any particular dress. It is easy work, and is very quickly done. In the thick parts of the pattern the colored thread is simply darned in and out over the original white ones. Where there are "bars" in the lace, the thread is twisted two or three times around them and where there are knots a colored one is placed above them, so as to raise them still more above the surface. The pattern and stitches in the lace itself is the best guide as to where and how the new stitches should be introduced, and a knowledge of the art of point lace making is invaluable, as so many of the wheels and bars can be utilized. As with the embroidered lace, it is much pleasanter to work if tacked to a moderately firm foundation. The now fashionable woolen lace lends itself admirably to this style of embellishment, and blends most effectively with fine red, blue or gold-colored silk.

The newest slips for use on a sideboard are made of four or five squares of toile carree embroidered, and edged all round with narrow guipure insertion; of a bold design, the whole cloth being afterwards bordered with a lace edging to match. The squares of toile carree are embroidered in rather a novel style, which has a very good effect, and forms a change from the now hackneyed cross-stitch. A braiding design is traced on the square to begin with, much such a design as those used for braided toilet mats a few years ago. The background of the square is darned all over with red cotton in this style. Over a thread, under a thread, over, under, all in one direction across the square, then repeat the darning across the square the other way working a stitch over the thread that was missed in the previous row so that a sort of interlaced pattern is obtained. When this is done the design in the centre is worked in chain stitch either in cotton of the same shade or darker. Some squares that I saw were worked with red cotton against a blue darned background, the lace being a mixture of dark blue and red, while red cotton looks very effective when it is worked in over a background of pale pink.

Now that dresses made of plain and embroidered materials combined are so popular, it is a favorite piece of work with ladies to embroider their own tunic and bodice, and instead of being worked in strips in the old fashioned way, the pattern is now sprinkled or powdered all over the material at regular intervals. One of the prettiest dresses I have seen for a long time was embroidered here and there with the Indian pine pattern. These pines were worked entirely in French knots, and were exactly of the same shade of color as the dress. I have seen an equally pretty effect gained by working the pattern a contrasting color to the material. It is a fancy just now to have a pincushion somewhere about the drawing-room, and as they afford much scope for painting or embroidery of all kinds, they are by no means unsightly adjuncts to an elegantly arranged table. They should be from four to five inches square stuffed as tightly as possible, and edged all around with fancy fringe as a finish. They are attractive, and well adapted for small gifts to friends.

### Confidential Correspondents.

J. D.—All right.

M.—You had better consult a doctor. It is dangerous to trifle with a nervous disorder even when slight.

O. J. M.—We are somehow of the impression that we have read your lines before, but if they are original with you, they certainly evince considerable poetical talent.

ANDREW.—The initials "J. M. J." in the left-hand top corner of a letter stand for Jesus, Mary, Joseph. The practice of so using them is not uncommon among Catholics abroad.

I. S.—No such vessels leave this city that we know of. A boy of your age might be able to get a position in some capacity on a regular steamer, but we cannot say for certain.

RICHARD.—You ask a hard thing—"a certain remedy for producing a moustache," and you have not reached seventeen! Be patient, and may be Nature will supply you with the wished-for adornment.

PORTER.—The husband has a right to select the place of residence, and it is the wife's duty to accompany him, unless the place is manifestly improper for the residence of a very respectable woman.

ROSANNAN.—It is purely a matter of choice whether the name on a visiting card is prefixed by "Mr." or not. The majority certainly prefer it; at the same time, others—of good station in life—dispense with it.

P. P.—The "Musical Small-coal Man" was Thomas Britton, who kept a coal-shed, and was leader of a musical club in Clerkenwell, London, Eng., to whose seances the nobility were proud to be invited (1654–1714).

GEM.—The young lady in the case you cite must guide her conduct by her taste, for the matter is in no sense one of principle. For her to "cut the connection" solely on this account would be regarded by most persons as a singular proceeding.

R. E. J. C.—Get some ammonia, dilute with water and wash the fabric containing the stain. Or, boil five ounces of soft water, with six ounces of powdered alum, for a short time; then let it cool. Warm slightly for use and wash the stained part; then dry.

SOL FA.—Many vocalists find that egg, beaten up with a little milk and sugar, strengthens and clears the voice. As a remedy for hoarseness, a little borax, or a compressed tablet of chlorate of potash, dissolved in the mouth, will be found useful, and an occasional tonic is sure to do good.

HOPE.—We advise you to try and restore the whiteness to your pianoforte keys by rubbing them first with the finest sand-paper, and polishing with wet whiting applied with a wash-leather; lastly, rubbing with dry whiting. If this is not sufficient, try chloride of lime rubbed on with a piece of flannel; then wash the keys with curd soap and warm water.

CLAUDE.—Marriage makes home happy. Without marriage there is no home, no real home, no true home; a house, as the Frenchman says, but nothing more. Marriage brings with it all that elevates and refines, all that satisfies and delights; the commonest details of our ordinary occupations it clothes with a vesture of enchanting loveliness and of imperishable beauty. Marriage enlarges the scene of our happiness and miseries. A marriage of love is pleasant; a marriage of interest easy; and a marriage, where both meet, happy. A happy marriage has in it all the pleasures of friendship, all the enjoyments of sense and reason, and, indeed, all the sweets of life. Nothing is a surer mark of a degenerate and vicious age, than the common ridicule which passes on this state of life.

M. D. E.—"A man's freedom" is constituted by his exercise of the right to do what he pleases subject to the one condition that he does not trespass upon the rights of others. But it is better, perhaps, to say what freedom is not than what it is. Obviously, a man is not free who is the property of another. Nor is he free if, being competent to take part, directly, in the government of the community to which he belongs, he is debarred from doing so. Nor, again, is he free in the full sense of the term if subject to unnecessary interference from those in authority: and his liberty is none the less violated if the tyranny be democratic than if it be monarchic or oligarchic. To complete our definition of freedom it should be added that "he is a free man whom the truth makes free"—he, that is to say, who has succeeded in bringing his conduct into line with his conscience.

DEBATER.—You do not seem to be aware that at the accession of Louis XIII. to the crown of France, A.D. 1610, France had not a single ship. Paris at that period contained less than 300,000 inhabitants, and only four public edifices of note; the other cities of the kingdom resembled poor villages. The nobility, who almost all resided in the country, lived in donjons or castles, surrounded with deep ditches. The peasants who cultivated the land were greatly oppressed. The high roads were almost impassable; the towns were destitute of police, and almost without any kind of government. For the space of nearly 1,000 years was the genius not only of the inhabitants of France, but almost of all Europe, restrained under a Gothic thraldom, destitute of laws or fixed customs, and unacquainted with almost everything but war and idleness.

LESSERS.—If the earth were a perfect sphere of equal density throughout, the waters of the ocean would be absolutely level—that is to say, would have a spherical surface everywhere equidistant from the earth's centre, which would also in that case be its centre of gravity. But in practice many things interfere with the maintenance of such an ideal dead level. For example, the centrifugal energy due to the earth's rotation causes the waters of the ocean to bulge largely at the equator. Our planet is not a sphere, but an oblate spheroid. Again, the greater density of the earth's mass in the hemisphere antipodal to Spain heaps up the waters in that hemisphere by attraction, and withdraws them to a great extent from the Spanish hemisphere, so that the level of the sea in the Pacific and the Indian Ocean is considerably higher than in the North Atlantic. As a homely illustration of how this happens, put a teaspoon among the grounds in a tea-cup, and watch how it attracts to itself the previously level tea at the bottom. Currents due to heating, influx of fresh water in narrow gulfs, tides, etc., also interfere greatly with the ideal equality of level in various branches of the greater oceans.